

LOVE  
CROWNS THE  
END:

A

Tragicomedy;

Acted by the Schollars  
of *Bingham* in the  
County of *Nottingham*.

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By *Jo. Tatham, Gent.*

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LONDON,  
Printed for *W. Burden*, in Cannon-street  
near London-stone, 1657.

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THE  
MIRROR  
OF  
FANCIES.  
WITH A  
Tragical Comedy.

Intitled,  
2. *Love Crowns the End.*

Acted by the Schollars  
of Bingham in the County of  
Nottingham.

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By *Jo. Tatham, Gent.*

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LONDON,  
Printed for W. Bards in Cannon-street  
near London-bridge, 1697.

THE HISTORY

OF

THE LIFE

OF JESUS.

A BIBLICAL

STORY

BY JESUS CHRIST

AS TOLD BY HIS DISCIPLES

IN THE BIBLE

BY JESUS CHRIST

FOUND IN

THE BIBLE

BY JESUS CHRIST

# THE FANCIES THEATER..

BY  
JOHN TATHAM  
Gent.

---

HORAT.

*Quòd si me Lyricis ruitibus inferis,  
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.*

---



LONDON,  
Printed by JOHN NORTON, for  
RICHARD BUST, and are to be  
sold at his Shop neare Grayes-Inne-  
gate in Holborne.

1640.

EDGARIA

MONTAIGNE

MONTAIGNE

and his life and death  
and his works and his life

and his life and death  
and his works and his life  
and his works and his life  
and his works and his life

OPUS

BENAKELIHT



To THE  
**HONORABLE**  
AND THE MOST WOR-  
THY MECÆNAS, SIR John Winter  
Knight, Secretary of State, and Master of  
Requests to the Queenes most  
excellent Majestie.

HONORD SIR,

He confidence I have of your  
Native goodness (of which  
the World is sufficient Di-  
later) has prompt mee to  
this audacious presumption, which with

(\*) 3 some

## THE EPISTLE

Some would have beeene held a crime insufferable. But I know your Honor is so farre from a Censurer, that you had rather cherish endeavours then destroy 'em : Besides, there's a certaine Sect of selfe-affectioners, that will (unlesse some judicious Patron be fixt to the frontspeece, as the beames of the Sunne, to correct their sawfie peering, with blindness) not only disgorge their Envie, but wrest the sense to be succinct ; I (knowing your Name to be such, as amongst the discerning Spirits deserves the highest Attributes of worth ; and of such singular power, twill extirp the Malevolent thoughts that raigne in the vulgar and most infectious Traducers) tender this, as my first Sacrifice, at the Altar

of

## DEDICATORY.

of your mercy. And if it may obtaine the reflection of your acceptance, 'twill so much encourage your poore Admirer, that I shall be Ambitious in the continuance of your favours: These are the Mayden-blosomes of my Muse, which (without your protection) may (in their infancie) be destroyed by the breath of Zoilus; but shelter'd by your Honor, they shall live, and dare to Criticks ran-cour, retorting to their owne shame. Sir, the fostering this Orphan will make you famous for Charity, and impose an obligation beyond expression, upon

Your Honors truly devoted,

JO. TATHAM.

WHAT A CHIEF

To the honor'd Patron  
of his Book.

SIR,

**A**S my service binds me and my love,  
(May your faire selfe so of the same approve)  
At your deservings, I have plac'd you here  
Equall with Phœbus in his Hemisphere,  
Where your resplendent brightness cast's a light  
Into these twinkling Lamps, and give's their sight.  
Minerva bid me tell you she is proud  
Of these deserts which in your breast doe crowd,  
As in a strong, which our capacity  
Notable to finde out leave's to her eye  
Thrice worthy Hero, may your Halcyon dayes  
Be ne're extint till craze Time decays.

Jo. Tatbam.

MARIA

Fancie



## Fancie, to the Reader.

**R**eaders of all sorts, when you have survai'd  
Each roome within this Theater, and paid  
Sufficient for admittance, you'l allow  
To render me account of all, and how  
You like the fabrick, if it be well rear'd ;  
The thought of falling is not to be fear'd,  
Though he that did erect it, has not serv'd  
Seaven yeares to the Profession, nor deseru'd  
The Attribute of Architect, yet bee  
Expect's by your faire bands to be made free ;  
Hee'l then set up in t' b' Cittie, and in spight  
Of Suburb power, or Corporation's might :  
Use his best skill to please you. Faith, be just,  
Do not enseale his Freedome with the aust,  
Hee's prest i' obey you howso'e're, and will  
Without a grumble, serve you, and fulfill

*Forsooth,*

Far forth, your pricipes being prest so lowe,  
I hope you'll raise him, Char'ty reaches his so :  
Yet, he's not begge your favours, to assist  
Him, by Certificate, doe what you list ;  
He knowes the worst on't, if you doe refuse.  
'Tis but she having (to the Hall) his Muse  
To have the gentle notch ; and so to try  
If hee in time can gaine the Mystery ;  
Hee swears he will desie you, when that hee  
Archives to th' Warden of the Company.

To

To his friend the Author on his  
Fancies Theater.

Fancie, in all his Colours ne're appear'd  
So variously delightfull, as in this  
Magnificent Theater, which thou hast rear'd  
Out of thy Genuine braine, and call'st it His.  
Here does he take all shapes, and act all parts;  
The noble Hero, and the humble Swaine;  
The jocund Lovers, and lamenting hearts.  
As well the Buskined, as the Comick straine,  
Fancie has something here for every one,  
From Reveller to Mourner; still provided,  
Each brings a proper apprehension;  
And one not by another's humor guided.  
But let all come and welcome: The severe  
Cato himselfe may have free entrance here.

R. Broomse.

oT

To

To his friend the Author, on his ingenious Theater of Fancies.

A Theater is built, and every part  
Order'd with yarious Workmanship and Art,  
The Scences with Proptis transformation move,  
Presenting Buskins, Stockes, and Themes of love :  
A Mourners teares, and joy of a faire Bride ;  
Smart Satyre, and a world of change beside.  
'Tis not the Building only Men should see,  
But what's prepar'd for Action in't by thee.  
Upon the outward forme let no Man looke,  
But search the riether inside of thy Bodie.  
And if their humor's doe no judgement blinde,  
They'll most things pleasing, none offending finde.

Sic censem Amicus.

THO. N A B B E S.

oT

To

To his loving friend the Author, on  
his *Fancies Theater.*

Tis worth enough to have so many friends,  
Who doe applaud with judgement thy faire *eadies*,  
Which raise thy Towing *Fancies* to such height,  
That ev'ry line affords us a conceit  
Farre different from the Whimzies of the time,  
Where 'tis their chiefeſt praise to groe in Rime,  
And thunder out their meaning in a Phrase,  
W'd strike a Martiall spirit in a maze :  
But let the world judge if what thou haſt done,  
Deserve not good mens approbation ?  
For my part, I ſhall deeme thee worthy praife,  
When ſuch a troope as theſe extoll thy Bayes.  
When Fancie in thy *Theater* doth play,  
And wins more credit than a ſecond day ;  
When thy pure *Helenon* ſo high doth flow,  
It out-braves *Iordan* or the ſwelling *Pas*.  
Let not thy Fancie ebbe, but more and more  
Inalarge it's limits, and encroach the Shoare.  
And let the Sea-borne Goddesses ever be  
Propitious to thy ſtraines of Poesie.  
And mayſt thou in thy Verse ſo happy prove,  
That *Cupid* may affect thy beauteous Love  
Dearer than *Pſyche*, till thou make her be  
Fairer than thine, leſt he ſhou'd Rival thee.

Thy Friend C. G.

To

To his Friend the Author, on his

Fancies Theare.

**F**riend, since the choise and most emphatick phrase  
Appeares too slender to enrich thy praysie;  
How shall the discord of my jarring skill  
Ought but detract from th'honor of thy Quill?  
But yet so just an iustest in my love  
Thy merits clayme, that should I not approve  
The rich Exchequer of thy prestie Braine  
To it's true worth I should appeare a staine:  
Come all you Youths fill'd with Phœbus fires  
(As tribute to the Musick of his Lyre)  
Bring each with willing Palmes a Daphneen Bough;  
And make a Chaplet to impale his Brow,  
Into whose Brest a polly's selfe hath ray'd  
Such loftie Aspects, as may well perswade  
The transmigration which Pythagoras  
Maintain'd for truth, may for authentick passe.  
For, when th' enticing pleasure of thy Line,  
And teeming Fancies unexhausted Myne  
I view, me thinks the Genius of thosc Threes  
Admired Laureas are enspheare'd in Thee,  
Smooth Shakespeare, neat Randolph, and wittie Ben;  
Flow in a mutuall sweetnesse from Thy Pen:  
Nature in Thee seemeth Arts parallel,  
For Thou art bothe her Pride and Miracle,  
May th' Virgin Cendre of thy infant Bayes,  
Unravish't, spring, spight of our Critick dayes;  
And from Thee such Nectaran Dew distill,  
As may the world with admiration fill.

Geo. Lynn.



To his good friend M. John Tatham  
upon his Fancies Theater.

**T**O see what upstart Scriblers strive in Rime,  
To be the Paper-blusters of the time,  
Makes me amaz'd ; yet if they wo'd but see  
The flowry Raptures that are done by thee,  
They wo'd no question blush to see the Bullis,  
And rabling Ballads of their windy sculls.  
Here they may see compos'd a spicy-neck  
Of flaming Fancies, all in spangles drest :  
For here each line that to the eye appeares,  
May sing a Lullaby unto the Spheres.  
Poore Fancies marre a Theater, but see  
The *Fancies Theater* is made by thee.

*Robert Chamberlaine.*

To

To his friend M<sup>r</sup> John Tatham on  
*his Fancies Thesaur.*

To show my selfe in Print I ne're had thought,  
But that thy *Fancies* has my thoughts out-wrought.  
What shall I say? 'tis this I doe admire,  
And think thy wits like to th' aspiring fire,  
Will ne're defend thy braine from vulgar straines  
Is clarif'd so neatly, it contains  
Th' Epitome of smooth and well scan'd versc,  
And though in future times thy aged herse,  
Shall be enthron'd with Lawrell; yet this age  
May blame my zealous friendship, and in rage  
Both carp at thee, and me: But I shall ne're  
Make me strike sayle, but rather make my steere  
Bearre stiffe with malice for to think that men  
Would make abortive this thy *Infant Pen*.  
But yet my hopes are confident, that they  
Cannot but give thy worth a branch of Bay,  
Though not a Lawrell, which slow-paced Time  
Shall bring, and humbly offer at thy Shrine.

H. Davison.

J. D. Davison  
OT

To his friend John Tatham Gen.  
upon his Fancies Theater.

T  
Hou didst not meant thy Theater sh'd be  
Common (though publique) to th' Obliquity  
Of ev'ry duller eye: This rais'd too meeter,  
(Prop by thy Fancies selfe) to the sphere  
Of purest wit, which the dull sonnes of Earth  
(Sho'd they afflict the Universe with dearth  
Of Ignorance and Envie, pile it up  
In envious heapes for their ascent to crop  
Thy Bayes) can ne're aspirre: Attempt they may,  
And passe our duller ayre; But the cleare Ray  
Of thy bright worth appearing, will deprive  
Their terrified soule of sence; deceive  
Their hopes through their own ruine. And what they have  
Now for their steps, anon shall be their grave,  
Prest by the weight of Ignorance: But then  
Their guilty blushing shame shall rise agen  
To scornfull memory, whose black name shall give  
More lustre to thy praises, to survive  
Till Time hath lost himselfe: And this great All  
Be bedight to its confused Funerall.  
Fall not a Zeylits envie, since th' art knowne  
Thy censure through their breath, whose pleasure none,

Can without incrilege dispute. But if  
Thy fearefull soule cannot retaine beliefe  
Of safety, Ie shall to secure thy feare,  
Displace his Bird from's bosome-nest, and there  
Harbour thy Musc : But what injustice can  
Refuse the God's, and take the word of Man.  
Th' art had a Jury of Immortalls, that  
Have given their censure: finde not guilty; what  
Bold Heav'n-contemners then dare contradict,  
When the Divine Vote's publish their Edict?  
The Daphne Bay graft by the Frost's cold hand,  
Doth grow more freshly greene; thy Musc shall stand  
As firme 'gainst Envies storme, till Fame shall be  
Proud to record thy still greene memory.

James Jones.

Vpon



Vpon his Dreame and Censure  
of the Gods.

W.

**A**nd canſt thou dreame ſo well ? then never wake,  
Unleſleſ it be that ſo thou mayſt pertake  
The reall ſubſtance of thy thoughts, and then  
Thou'lt make a ſubject for the rareſt Pen  
To treat on : But having at a venture  
Invok'd th' Immortals for to have their censure  
Upon thy Fate; ſo/ ſooner shall stand ſtill,  
And fire the Orbs, but thou ſhalt hate thy will.

*H. Daviſon.*

A 2

To

To his friend M. Ie. Tatham on his  
*Fancies Theater.*

W  
hen I beheld and view'd each lev'ral Line,  
Appearing a full fraughted Magazine  
Of choyce conceits; such as our Fancies now  
(Vix'ring from what they were) must needs allow:  
How sweet and how delici'ous to the taste:  
How pleasing to the eye, how trim'd, how chaste;  
And where thy Fancy hits upon a crime,  
Thy Verse doth mask it, fusing with the Time;  
How eloquent thou art, how thine owne phrase  
Becomes, an Orator, and tells thy praise.  
The faults I found were few, the greatest was  
(And yet for some knowne reasons it may passe)  
Where thou do'st court thy Mistris, and doth wipe  
Each word with gold, enough for to invite  
All eyts, all hearts; our greatest feare was, wee  
Should suffer by th'inchanting Orat'ry.  
I know thy Muse is chaste, and will not strive,  
T'attract all Beauties to her pleasing hive.  
My wishes bid goe on, and may thy Rime  
Flourish beyond the utmost date of Time.

William Barnes.

## On the Author of the Fancies

Theater.

**M**ongst the rest, Friend *Tatham*, I am come,  
To doe thy *Fancies* right, and quit the summe  
I stand engag'd for : since my forward youth  
sign'd *Love's Bond*, for currant *Coyne of True*,  
To pay at severall times, the world shall be  
Thy *Secretarie*; and take this truth from me,  
In all thy *Shop* of *Fancies*, not a Line  
(I emulate thee so) but I wish mine ;  
Twill be sufficient portion for thy Name  
To live by ; for *Times* *Treasurer*, wing'd *Fame*,  
Shall, as thy worth deserves, speake thee as high  
As any fill'd her *Trump* with Poetic.

*Tho. Rawlins.*

To

To his friend M. John Tatham,  
upon his Fancies Theater.

**M**Y Muse composed more of love than fire,  
Would spare her Pen, and silently admire  
Thy worth, which her expressions cannot raze,  
Unlesse she barrow thine owne stile and phrase,  
And from thy proper heapes purloyne a store,  
Which payes one debt to make a thousand more;  
Did not thy friendship and thy sacred merit  
Conjure up flames even in a frozen spirit,  
Though last in number, thinke me not the least,  
I thought as much as all thy Friends expect,  
But our sincere desires suffer much wrong,  
Since the sad diff'rence 'twixt the heart and tongue;  
My thoughts soare high, though my expression's weake,  
True friends think out their tale, when others speake,  
Yet write I this not for peculiar ends,  
To cast aspersion on your other friends;  
I in that Consort jointly doe preferre  
My off'ring to thy *Fancies Theater*.

An. Newport.



To his friend the Author, on his  
*Fancies Theater.*

H

**A**DEAR friend, my infant Muse will bee  
Obscur'd, when as the Readers see  
Thy am'rous straines, and thou'l be found  
To be with greater glory crown'd.  
By my weake Lines, which to thy praysse  
Affords a Coronet of Bayes.  
In this I am thy friend, to bee  
Thy foile, that plainly men may see  
Thy greater lustre, and may spend  
Their Censures gently on thy friend.

R. Pynder.

Opd 1, Mysde 15

70

To his friend the Author.

**H**ad I exclud<sup>d</sup> Lyne or Learning, Fawcett,  
Fletchers more acquir<sup>d</sup> Fancies, or that part  
Of Beaumont that's divine, Dun's profound skill,  
Making good Verses live, and damning ill :  
I then would prysle thy Verses, which shod last  
Whil'st Time he's fande to run, or Fause a blisst.  
But I've a Braine so dull, that though I bette  
The Anvill ne're so oft, diere's nought but sweat  
And empie vapours groome my long lost paine.  
I write, 'tis bad, dislik<sup>t</sup>, rub<sup>t</sup> out againe ;  
And in this serious folly I abuse  
The patience of my Lamp, my Oyle I loose ;  
Nor is it fit, that each unworthy Line  
Shod court the light, but onely such as thine.  
Then since I cannot write what I desire,  
May thine for ever live, mine's for the fire.

W. Ling.

21 Aprilis, 1640.

Imprimatur,

JOHANNES HANSLEY DURF

A DIALOGUE  
betweene Memus, Tyme, and  
the Author.

*Mensus.*

Ow now presump'ous Lad, think'it thou  
I know that wee,

Will be disturbid wids this thy Inſincke

Of wit : ——————

Or doe's thy am'rous thoughts begirt a flamy

(Beyond it's merit) for to coure the name

Of Poet; or is's common nowdayes

Such slender wits dare clayme such things as Bayest

Or doe's thy sickly Fancie think to get

Some foole to be enamour'd on thy wit ?

Thy reason, prythee, why, ambitious Boy,

Thou do'st present the world with such a toy ;

Yet giv'st it such a title, that twere sin

To view the outside, and not looke within ;

The Fancies Theater, a Title wee

Durst ne're assume to reach, much leſſe for thee ;

## The Fancies Theater.

It is the very Prologue, to invite  
A Puritan to covet for it a sight.

And then agen I wonder, what mad vaine  
Did prouide my Fancie, to present a straine

(So faire unworthy) up so bright an eye,

Where all deserts and true perfections lye.

When I behold his name, me thinke I see

Phebus himselfe, the God of Peace.

— By whose judicious eye deserts shall live —

And spite of killing Bayard still survive

I should mistrust my selfe, I should aby think

His judgement will at thee connive, or wink ;

To him, forgetfull Lad, durst thou present

These weak conceits; or was it to prevent

Our rasher censure; thinking thou might' st sing

At peace, once shelter'd underhath his wing ?

I laugh to see thy follyes, yet I sweare

I hardly could wish thy Fancies were

Such as might well deserve him ; for, I know, I

Do enioy at thy blisst prosperisy

Is not the world cram'd full of wits ? why then

Should' st thou be favour'd thus above those men,

Whose high and rare deserts, doth clayme to be

The Kingdome's best and richest Treasurie ?

Yet all their fortunes, and their merits, they

Would levell at his feete ; and, well they may.

### Tyne.

IT is confess, that Tyne's old age could per-

Ne're glory in a world, so full of wit,

## The Author's Epistles.

Nor was his snowy blisse cover'd with deceipt  
Of sweter choyces: Romane such as wch  
(Like gold-tongu'd Orpheus) that of Rome's fellow men,  
Their Verse extinct, Seones prologue legen,  
And though the world doth want of fad, yet we  
Doe finde it shew'd with basse impety,  
Such as thy selfe prouid pictures, that don't shew  
To damne yong wits, to hys rehyme owne alway  
Tyme must amend this faulte, bytch, iustice  
The world is weary of the like swetle Prelie  
And her shewings; When her Wkyng deadly  
Shall only thynge out to be registred,  
And not thys workers of malice nor thys Muses picture  
Encrease and multiply wch, and therof  
For now adye our yonger wits are quide  
Disheartned by the venomous wch spight,  
Whose base detraction would have none to be  
Inroll'd within the Lible perty.

But of thy Secty whose numbers still encrease,  
Belching out foule-mouth'd words, derision's easie;  
For could yowr bestrake what yowr mend, twete well,  
Tis better pece than dace: But let me tellolda yow  
The world my humour, though I've often bin  
Taxt as being guilty of this Critick sin, I wischt guidly  
In giving leue to your profane instant,  
(A thing Heav'n knows, my judgment never misse)  
I doe protest, though Oppositiōn  
You have engag'd and bristlyed, twis mortall, ooer oo  
I hate thy doing, so I'll be beforeth ben and a tosse  
A scorner of thy base dishonesty.  
Is it not tyme that Tyme should urge the ayre  
Of such grossie patrefaction, and repaire

## The English Bremen

The almost lost deserts of many, which onl aid  
Dare not presume their sinnes to spacie yorts  
With the Divins instinch of Roos; O myngrele  
Fearing thy Garping and thy Blasphemye  
There cannot now a manke he putte forth his drowns but  
But thou detract'st the minnes of thyn worth  
Is thy wi, rare, pridel shewynt there shond  
Can equalize thy Bancke, but thyn evry enemys  
Misguidid selfe-constrited aduise, feeds brenes fluer  
But your owne ignorance and simplicite yow al blaw  
And they yow lyeold thynninge round shan make yow bray  
This without Bribe, or fayre, I have spaketh yow Herde  
For hys aduise shal as yow aduays, tell yow on hys  
And yeares han brought him the her for to climbe  
Then forward, (Youth) by me the Campions woe  
Beth'cause to stay thy jounelyng yow al yd louerid shal  
edos shal byd blaw no brench shal sone  
xviij May.

**L**et me first crave from this gray-headed Tyme  
Thy absolution, e're I put my Rime  
To be a Courtier in the wanton syre, and yu blowed  
Making their Prognostic so each witty faire  
And courteous Mistres, unto whose white hand  
I wish shan happy journey, while I stand vaste  
Devoted for their service. I have bene  
Too, too, the prodigall, and haue not come  
My errors: but haue wilfully runn  
As Steward to some liberaull Gentleman  
Where I haue bene too laxe, and haue spent  
What was my Masters, freely to mo less.

## The Fancies Title.

And though the Stewar shoul but little now  
Left for to shew his Master, yet I vow  
I have some remannts left, although they be  
But shreds to what I might have gain'd from thee,  
If I have us'd thee ill, I'll be thy Slave,  
And henceforth doe on nothing but my grave.  
Yet let me thus much tell you; my desire  
Ne're kindled from a base ambitious fire  
Of an applause, though carping Menus bee  
Murmurs, and bites my Title Page and me.

have observ'd his envie, and I say,  
doe not this in hope to get a pay  
Reward, or such base mercenary game;  
Let them that gape for it, baw before their shame.  
will not sell that little mite of wit,  
If so (without offence) I dare terme it, H  
At any rate; Nor doe I care the while  
at the Title they doe lend a smile;  
willingly would please them, yet if they  
Will not be pleas'd, I weigh not what they lay.  
My Title Manus, let me tell thee true,  
Is farr to please my selfe, not to please you.  
Nor doe I strive to gaing a Poet's name;  
A title my weak soule durst never ayme  
To court at; For, I may as faine aspire,  
To kisse the Sunne, as warme me at that fire.  
To end expostulation, thus much know,  
What my deserts can merit, I doe owe  
To him whose kinde acceptance makes me blest,  
Lifting me higher than the Egagement.  
And if my wit encrease (as years in me)  
shall aspire no higher than to be

## The Faerie Theater.

Accounted as his Servants and will lay  
My off'rings at his feet as well as other,  
Whom you alledge deserve him better; surely & mol  
They can but give their store, and so will I, or else will  
Then why should you alledged? also deject him by your selfe  
That, which his wisdome & ples'd with to protect:  
But I'll not barre your custome, for 'tis knowne  
You will detract all Writings, but your owne, shalld be  
done wch giveth the world a shew  

---

~~and~~ I haue, given, and leaved ope

To the truly worthy, and his much honourable  
friend, Sir Edward Savage.

Howsome will erre in making that seeme good,  
Scarce ha's allowance to be understand.  
Honor consists in Virtue, nor is it for  
Each worthless faunc should clayme a share in wit.  
It wrongs the Poets Grammer, whose pure fire  
Will suffer no privation, when the Quire  
Of Fancy-propping Muses does distill  
The oyly-drops of merit from the hill.  
Of Noble-worth, to tell the erring sense  
Of credulous Men, that Truths preheminence  
Keepes no alliance with such motions, tendes  
To soothing flattery, the bad Mens friends,  
And to that end sends me Ambassadors,  
To make the World acquainted what you are;  
With yowes unfained, Noble Sir yare one  
Ther shares on Natures distribution.

## The Fancies Theater.

And I would say, but that your modest care,  
Are woul'd 'gainst your own peccles, though I appear.  
Reab'd in reality it selfe, you can  
Distinguish twixt the best and worst of Man,  
One who may clayme the Attributes of vice,  
Noble, and courteous, and from thicke does rife  
The living Emblems, Charity and Love,  
The Orbs by which each faculty doth move,  
That claymes a being in you. You appear  
The spacious blisse where Virtue keepes her Spheare,  
In a sweete comp'rtature; the thought of pride.  
(As Owner to your Virtues) you desire,  
Exiled from that bosome which inherites  
The uncorrupted wishes to your merits.  
My health still crown you with felicity,  
Till you desire to change Mortality,  
For th'reserved blisse in Elysium,  
When as your Dews-like exspirations come  
And may your better part transferred be  
Into a constellacione Sovereignty; which no man liveth  
While Vertues-Lovers Requests sing, and I  
Have vitall motion, study for the eye  
Of your devoted Sermons.

M

## A New year's gift to Clarinda.

Fashions are now adayes so often us'd,  
That meaneest Peasants have the same about 'em.  
Each servile creature can command their King,  
Gloves, or the like, (such basse modishick things)

*The Fancies Theater.*

Reason must guide you then; such toyes as those  
Are subject still to losing; Ie repole  
More confidence in you, and will impart  
A farre transcendent Gift, my loyall Heart;  
Embrace it then, and let no envious fate  
Crosse our united loves, nor derogate  
From what you former were; such Gifts as this  
Deserve the keeping, nay, some future blisse.

---

*Vpon an old rich woman in love with  
a young Gentleman.*

**M**ore rich than wise, and yet more wile than faire,  
Yeares adde grey Trophies to enrich thy haire;  
Rather than live to love, die with despaire.

When as sad Comets in the Skies appears,  
Some strange disaster then approacheth neare,  
Which in our doubfull Soules begets a feare.

Thy Nose is that disaster; for, in thise,  
No leſſe than ſhouſand Comets we may ſee,  
As ſymptomes to ensuing miserie.

---

Below thy Nose, a Hill we may defcry,  
Darkning the light appearing from thy eyc,  
Within that hollow Concave where they lye.

Eye, Nose, and Chin, ſince you in darkneſſe be,  
Praedictate before you visit me,  
And rayne young Cynders to your Venerie.

notes

And

## *The Fieriest Thurst*

nd in Nights shade meet with your shadow, where  
Some Incubus by chance may get an heire,  
Making the World accurst with such a paire.

or if thy wither'd Hand (begot by Time)  
Should with thy Eye, Nose, Chin, and Face combine,  
Without discordant, for to make me thine :

now gummie-woor that diates thirst,  
To seize thy hand, where th' Apoplexy must  
Bring thee e're long, unto thy neighbours dust.

if thy wither'd thigh desires to know  
The sweet contents that in our Youth do flow,  
Convert a teare into a flood below.

o may some Cripple wanting Almes, supply,  
Thy al-most desperate necessity;  
And please both nose, gum, chin, thigh, hands, & ey.

lovet no more when that you are so sped  
Nor dye your cheeks with colour from your bed,  
Since afore th' Ark you left your Maydenhead.

---

## *The Superscription of a Letter sent*

*to Clarinda.*

From my Master here I'm come,  
To embrace your Martyrdome.

Les

### *The Fancies Theater.*

Let no other hand come neare me, in shalfe and i' th' mi  
You alone have power to easre me. If you like not what's within,  
If you like not what's within, then blowe oute your greate  
Then your frownes may purge my sin :  
But if he or I can please, then hush ! hush ! wch' wch' wch' wch'  
Friendly let me rest at ease. : anish am eal, wch' wch' wch' wch' wch'

### *The Lesser.*

Go pale-fac't Paper to my Deare,  
And whisper this into her eare :  
Though I absent am, yet free  
Keeping thee, embrases mee.  
Let no rude hand dare to touch thee,  
Carr not though a thousand grutch thee  
Ofthat blisse which in her lye  
Thou enjoy'st till I arrive,  
And be sure thou do'st not flye  
From the glances of her eye.  
Where she goe, be thou about her,  
Gad not thou abroad without her ;  
Nor let any dare to see  
What's betwene thy Love and thee.  
Nay, and when she chance to sleepe,  
Gently wber Bosome creepe,  
Whete I charge thee, rest till free,  
With her kiffes waken thee.  
Go and prosper for a while  
Till I rob thee of thy place.

The Fairies' Throat.

To Clarinda.

Pretty Wanton, prynhee say,  
Did you see my Heart to day? you  
Marks to know it; you shall finde  
Alwayes constant, true, and kinde;  
Wounds about it, is deth beare,  
Drops are trickling here, and there,  
In which wound you'll finde, a Dart  
Shot by you into my herte,  
If you saw it; doe not blush,  
Th'wounds are fresh, and blood will gush  
Into your face, and you be knownne,  
To covet more than is your owne.  
Send it back, but let it beg,  
Sound as when it came to thee.  
Doe not think for to deny it; then  
These are tokenes will discry it.  
How can I hubift and live,

When my owne you will not give?

Yet if you will send to me,

Yours in faire exchange, I will

Mute, and not report that I

Suffer by your cruelty.

Then I prynhee let me know,

If you will exchange, or no.

2. Since shee dealeth thicke & thick, Will  
Dwell in thy Chayre, weare Gowne, i  
I a good witt, and wittier in thy goynge,  
Leprechauns Colonie, get thin Whi

*The Fancies Themer.*

*In praise of Sack,*

To write thy prayse, let ev'ry Poets Quill  
Flow with sweet Dew, such from Parnassus Hill.  
Sack, I adore thee; nay, the Muses nine  
Count thee the Fabrick of their heavy hly Chime:  
And in their choice Inventions strive to gaine  
Thy liking, ere the World peruse a straine.  
Aged thou art, by which thou do'st possesse  
Of Noble Spirits, Poets numberlesse:  
And to thy Cistern's head doe all resort,  
Admire thee, as they doe admire the Court.  
The very Children are they that be can say  
Their Pater-Noster, or their Christ-Croffe A,  
Will to their Parents prantle, and desire  
To tast that Drinke, which Gods doe so admire:  
So by degrees, ere Time can count their yeares,  
Thy strength doth make them Oupte wittie heirex.

*To Clarinda, walking with her  
in his Garden.*

Say, my Clarinda, is the Rose  
Not proud to have thy sweet repose,  
Since they derive their dye from those,  
Those precious Colours, Red and White,  
Dwell in thy Checkes, may Gods invite  
To feed, not surfe, with delight.

\*Twere

### The Fancies Themselves

?I were finne, Clarinda, to believe,  
From thee they could such harme receyue  
Yet should they, thou canst Cordials give.

Say, my Clarinda, why the Aire  
Appeares thus fresh, soft, clearely faire,  
Yet cloudie Vapours yonder are.

Why does the injur'd philomel  
Hither retire, her moane to tell,  
Yet Wood-men want her boldfull knell?

Why does she alter now her Vose,  
Purging the Quinicke in her throte,  
Payes sorrow with a pleasing note?

Why Violets in Purple drest,  
The Damask thus the Rose invest,  
Whose perfum'd Mantles grace the East?

Why doe the humble Pebbles rise  
Like Opals, to out-brave the Skies,  
And Iris various Clouds despise?

Tell me, Clarinda, why the Sun  
Is set before his course is run,  
Readie to fire his Region?

And why does his beloved Flower  
Forget her Cue, her time and houre,  
And shuts not, when he shewes his powre?

## The Fairies Theater.

Each spicie Child, whose criped Bed  
Intwines the Earths Spring Maidenhead,  
Are blest, in kissing where you tread.

Or why does every thing beside  
Thar's good, in this small glasse abide,  
When other Gardens want such pride?

'Tis thou, Cloris, mak'st this place  
So fertile glorious; when you passe  
This Walk, each Evill shuns your Chaste

When you appeare, th' am'our Ayre  
With modest breath salutes your hayre,  
And whispers out their zeale in prayer

The Nightingale confines her voice,  
And gives mirth liberall to goe,  
As Echoes to your Beds of Snow.

The Violet, Rose, and Pebbles have  
No other Liveries than you gav'e,  
Yet such as may the World out brave.

The Sunne does melt to see thy face,  
The perfect Modell of pure Grace;  
H'ad rather burne than mend his pace.

The Marigold knowes none but thee,  
To whom she o'res obseruancie,  
Opens and shutt at your bright eyes.

## The Fairies Theatre.

Though now this place is trim and fine,  
When you depart, all will decline,  
And others come more rich than mine.

Oh then ! Clarinda, stay and bring  
Night into Day, the Winter, Spring;  
We need not then a Wintering.

### Clarinda describes.

Clarinda ! Oli, that very Name  
Includes such worth, that he but dares  
Without a Reverence speake the same.  
Commits a sinne his teares and prayes  
Can ne're wash off : it is so foule,  
Tis her pure sighs must cleanse his Soule.

Who sayes, that Leda's Swan is white,  
Or sweetnesse dwells in Hybla's Trees,  
Or Roses balmie breath delight  
The Pallats of the active Bees,  
Deceives himselfe; they all appeare  
Not worth our thoughts, Clarinda netrie.

Her Haire our Appetites entice,  
Her Front a Mount of bleached Snow,  
Her Eyes are Natures Paradise,  
Her Lips are Minas where Rubies grow,  
Her Breath perfumes the chequer'd fields,  
They have no sweet, but what the yealds.

Her

*The Fairies' Thrush.*

Her Neck the polisht Ivory weedes,  
Her Breasts the Valleys of Desire.  
When Love cuts through the circled Spheares,  
There lights, to coole the scorching fire.  
His Breast receiv'd from her : while art  
Without his syde can finde a Hart.

In every part she is most rare,  
All good in her contracted is,  
Nature's whole flocke envolv'd in her,  
Th' Epitome of heavenly blisse ;  
Her Voice can stay the hand of Fate,  
Her Smiles young童子 can treatise.

Her ex'lence Metaphysicall,  
Partakes not of old Natures stamp,  
For she is supernaturall,  
Her Luminaries, Heavens Lamps.

I will conclude, shee's all divine,  
For else I ne're had with her mine.

*On Claudiæ smiling.*

HAVe you beheld the Orient Sunne appeare,  
Casting his splendour to each neig'ring Spheeare  
When cold-blood Winter copulated Ice,  
Congal'd a Frost, so ring each Bough with Spice  
As white as Wintry hayres ; how he displayes  
His youchfull heauy auspicious to his Rayes ;

He

## The Fancies Theater.

How each tree melts, or to a jelly turnes ;  
such was Clavins's frostie, that ever burnes,  
and melts my yeelding Heart, that I till now  
loyter'd with Ice, could not of heat allow.

RECORDED AND SET TO MUSIC

1. V. 11

## A Contemplation of Liberty and Love.

What is that freedome which men call  
A blessednesse to sport withall :  
or what those joyes which Lovers deeme,  
To equalize their best effecte, long to know,  
long to know, that I may see,  
the diff'rence 'twixt those joyes and me.

## Response.

Then know, Loves joyes are such as still  
Are subject to Fates supreme will,  
And every howre the Lover findes  
Crosse friends, crosse starsse, and grosser windes,  
Till Seas grow calme, and we arrive  
Loves eternall peacefull Hive.  
If Patience then may bring me safe,  
Swell bigg a while you boyf'rou; See,

C Pay

## The Families Theatres

Upon the hindrance of meeting by chance,  
sent to his friend

M<sup>r</sup>. W. B.

When last we did encounter with the GLOBE,  
The Heavens was pleased to grace us with his ride  
Of scutled motions; But Squarish hee, and bold A  
Like an ambitious Chirke, disdains that wee  
Should have another meeting; But hee shalld,  
But not prevail'd, because an infant childe:  
Nor could we get a Knew to embrace, when come?  
Mars strives to keepe them back, and bold them chace.  
Jove stamps, Apollo frownes, th'Heavens all o're,  
Seeme as contentious, and are in uprone.

Mercury doth seeme to clogg his feather'd heeles,  
With weighty lead; in stead of flying, reel's  
Into great Taurus center, the BILL-HB AD,  
Where, with dull Claret we our senses fed,  
Delaying time, till the ribayst' rous ralce  
Ceas'd its unmatched course, then up aigne  
To walk; th'Heavens not yett appeas'd, shift downe  
Their utmost Envy in that flood to drowne  
Our then expected Hopes, in that poore weare  
Were forc'd to keepe our center, not to flye.  
Great Bisbygates can witnesse in what hourre,  
We did arrive within its haplessie Bowre.  
The Gods did seeme thus angry, thinking wee  
Should by our mirth consume their Treasury.

What

## *The Fancies Theater.*

What's best to doe? wee must now contend  
Against their power, and so farewell my friend.

---

## *Vpon Inconstancie.*

I Neconstancie, how chance that thou of late,  
Art growne the chiefeest Minion to my Kate?  
Could your ambition finde no other roome,  
Or secret place, but make her breif your Tomb,  
Of syrie motions, filling so each veyne  
With swelling pleasures mixt with base disdaine?  
That now there's not a corner scarce left free,  
To lodge a thought of hidden secrecie?  
Hence thou insatiate Monster, Lovers hate,  
The Commons envy, and the scorne of th' State;  
Get thee to Court, use there thy tyrannye:  
Let Lovers sports alone; base Infamy,  
Think not to harbour in a breif so faire;  
I banish thee, and doe conjure thee, ne're  
Usurp that center yeelds us such delight:  
But usher thou th' obscure and darkned night  
Of ever gnawing conscience, in such soules  
Whose base and impure actions, still controwles  
Their pale-cheek'd Lovers, on whose sickle state,  
Dispaire and horror doth attend and wait.  
Goe base Neglect, and scorne, presume no more  
To assayle those Vertues, that her choyest store  
Shee may impart to me; if thou be thence,  
I know I shall not want her excellency.

The Fancies Theater.

---

Vpon Clarinda's comming to Towne,  
and departure.

NOW comes the pride of Earth, the glorious Spring  
And *Philomel*, to welcome her, doth sing.  
The pretty birds doe play,  
And make a Holyday.  
And I with them present my offering;  
Th' *Arabian* Bird presents to her, her kinde,  
Ne're seene before; on whose sweet face, the winde  
Suckt in his breath  
For feare of death;  
And *Phabus* in his Majestic then shinde:  
And on her head cast his perfumes: but they,  
As farre unworthy, to her breath give way.  
The odours which  
The World enrich,  
Did to her breath their choysest scents convey;  
The Queene of Love ashamed, did hide her head,  
And *Cynthis* in a cloud bemuffled,  
Did murmur there,  
And in her Spheare  
Waxt pale to see her lips and checkes so red.  
The humble Pebbles where her feet did lye,  
Were straight made Jacinths, Saphires, Rubies bright,  
Who wantonly did kylle  
At such a change as this.  
And blest the comming of this glorious light.

## *The Fancies Theater.*

If any Objects pleas'd her, with a glance

They should be Mynes of Dyamonds; but Chance

The fidele Goddesse would not be

Propitious to our hopes, 'cause wee

Shee fear'd, with her, might ou'r vye Spaine and France :

Nay, both the Indies : None need plough the Seas

To purchase wealth with toyle; for, here with ease

They might obtaine

A world of gaine,

Had shee but writ in smiles to them, I please.

But oh ! shee's gone, and ev'ry thing has now

His courser Nature on; Winters rough brew,

And Boars blast

With envious haft

Rends ev'ry tree, dis-leaves each twigge and bough;

The Phœnix too retir'd unto her nest,

And pining for her absence, pierc't her brest

With sighes, and di'd,

Left none beside

Clarinda, with her worth to be poffeft.

---

*On the firſt leafe of a Psalme. Bewke  
prefented to Clarinda.*

**T**O her faire hand I this direft;  
Good Angels guide, and her protect  
That keepes my heart; O, may thee be  
But touch'd with flames of Love, like me!

## The Families' Theater.

---

### Another vacant leafe in the Same Booke.

**S**Hine little Booke, more glorious than the Sunne,  
In her faire heart that hath thy Masters wonne :  
May'st thou procure in her relenting teares,  
To pitty him whose thoughts breed naught but feares.  
I know that thou haft power enough, and Art  
To wound, rewound, and cure a wounded hart.  
Thou art her chiefe delight, whist vertuous minde,  
To study thee from childhood hath enclinde :  
Tell her thy Master sent thee, for that shee  
Might think on him, by often reading thee.

---

### To Clarinda, walking with her in the night in a Wood or Grove, she being fearfull.

**F**EAR not *Clarinda*, though th' emulous Night,  
Doubting his forked Queene shou'd loose her light,  
Retires behind a Cloud; hornes-mist to see,  
Her glorious lamps extinguished by else.  
Yet did shee know the good shee might embrace  
At her full rising, on her mealy face  
(Viewing thy exquisite beauty) wod'be drawne  
Mantles of crimson blushes, t' grace the lawne  
Of her complexion, till the angry Mornie,  
Growne pale with Envy, sue they may adorne  
Her cheekes.—

But

## The Fancies Themselves

But th' pride of Heav'n's eclips'd, this peacefull Grove  
Enjoys their Cynthia, ev'ry creature does move with joye  
(As your attendants.) Here, what need I crave  
Twy-light from Heav'n, that such a Guiding light  
Doe you not see, each hatmless creature hies  
With early haste to view th' Radiant celi; id blitho  
As Heav'n's bright Tapers, & th' active Fayes do  
Trip from their Glowingme, and resort to you?  
But having scene you, vanish, thinking day  
Was sent their tardy errors to berray;  
Repine, and dye for anger. Th' Nymphes  
Seeing themselves surpast in Beauty, please  
Their Fancies with adoring you, desire  
No greater blisse, than watnsh from your pure fire.  
Why weepes my deare Gloriada, here is none  
Dare injure thy knowne pur'ty, th' art alone  
In naught but singularity; See, The skyes  
Offer their stock of teares, to save thy eyes.  
Mix not thine, with corruption; they can be  
No lesse (my faine) 'till parish'd by thee.  
Each teare that falls, from that celestiall fount,  
Is of more price, than Cressis wealth can mount  
To by Arithmetick; 'tis of that stree,  
One drop will buy the world when it growes poore.  
See, they have left with thee, ambitious vaine,  
To watch thy opportunity to gaine  
Such undeserved happinessse. I'lle seeke  
Anon for ev'ry pearl upon thy cheeke:  
There shall not one be lost; each tree does shake  
Their sappy heads; drops falling downe doe take  
Hold with thy breath, compounded Nefas made,  
Which by Faymous winds is straight convey'd.

### *The Fancies Theater.*

To Jovis Imperial Palace ; to the brink  
They fill their Bowles, and Heaths about they drink  
To us, and our successe ; the blinking Boy  
Recovering sight by thee, is drunke for joy,  
And vowes unto his Mother, and the rest,  
To build his Paradise upon thy brest ;  
So proves my Rival : but, I know, thy might  
Has power to blinde him ; as thou gav'it him sight,  
So drownc his expectation in the flood  
Of the incensed Justice of the good.  
The Graces waite for thee ; and Cedars now,  
As you passe by, their lofty tops they bow,  
To doe you reverence, while yon foote Hall  
Scaryes your approach to guid it, then it shall  
Resemble heauen for brightnesse. Fanciedic,  
If what thou speakest be an Hyperboly.

---

### *To Clarinda singing and playing on the Lute, soe being basfull upon the sight of him.*

**B**LUSH not *Clarinda*, though my sences feale  
Upon thy modesty ; I prythee feale  
My welcome with a smile. Oh ! stop not Sweer,  
Let once againe thy syre and finger's meet  
In blest contention ; I protest, my cares  
Were rapt into attention, and the Spheares  
Wantonly tript to heare 'em; sure, there lyes  
Some power 'bove Magick in those Star-like eyes ;

Whose

## The Fancies Theater.

Whose swift pursuit gives life unto each string,  
T' obey the touch of thy soft fingerings.

The am'rous courtoise of thy Lute conveyes  
Unto the Heav'ns such Harmony, that stayes

The Planets to admire it: But thy breath

Despight of Nature, can enliven pale death.

Sing then *Clorinda*, ravish evry sence,

With the choyse concord of thy excellency.

Out-doe the Lybian Harper, touch thy Lute,

And doome the world to silence, Angels mate,

While thou chaunt'st Madrigals, whose flight may tell

The world th'art Heavens only miracle;

For that the Earth till now has never bin

Possess of such a glorious Seraphim.

Oh happy roome that has achived more

Grace by her voyce, than e're thou knew'st before,

Or thy first Master hop'd for; shee has made

Thee by her presence an *Elysian* shade.

The dumb Effigies dance, and th'hanging' doe

Shake off their gravity, and congie to

The motion of your body (which till now

Made gray with sorrow, wore a fallen brow)

And youthfully doe move my faire One; see,

Thy power's above the reach of Poetry,

Or Art, or Fancie; live to cure the world

Of Lethargies, and when curst clouds are hurld,

T' oppres't —————

Send forth thy breath; 'twill purifie the ayre

From Plagues infection, full, as well as prayer.

## The Fancies Theatre.

---

*An excusive Letter made by the Author,  
for a friend of his to his Father.*

A Son who having rob'd, fearing no Law,  
Till hue and cry assaults him, and doth draw  
Perforce his body to the Gaole, where long  
Enduring all extremes, at last is stung  
With some remorse of conscience, doth relent  
His wicked life, a reform'd penitent.  
He goeth farre that never back returns,  
An angry fire 'tis that ever burns  
Within the heart of man. Oh ! then be pleas'd  
To let your anger passe, and be appeas'd,  
Though all this while, my Infant yeares did stray,  
And trod the path of follies baiting way :  
Though all this while I was in blindnesse led,  
And all my senes unto fondnesse wed ;  
My unripen'd yeares had not the wit to finde  
The vaine delights that still provokes the minde,  
Till buying wit now at the dearest rate,  
I gain'd experience through my best friends hate :  
Witnessse the daily teares I shd at last,  
In true repentance for my follyes past.  
Then worthy Sir, your pardon let me crave ;  
Without your pardon I no life can have :  
For better 'twere that life from body fled,  
Than in your deepe disdaines lie buried.  
Let my repentance plead for mine offence,  
And my reformed life my innocence.

*The Fancies Theater.*

*To Clarinda upon her absence  
from her window.*

FAirest, if passions might expresse my love,  
If my unfained sighes might force belief:  
If that my nightly watchings could but move  
Your Adamantine heart, and give reliefe;  
Though now I praise your beauty, I should more,  
Make you my Idol, as my Saint adore.

Oh what unworthy actions have you seene ?  
What cause, or why, am I thus slighted now ?  
And held so little in your wort esteemme ?  
Has my youth brok a syllable, or vow  
Which once I willing made ? speake, and be sure,  
To finde a spotlesse heart, as chaiste, as pure.

Why should you now withdraw that heav'ly light,  
Which struck-amazement in each living creature?  
The lustre of your beauty from my sight ;  
A grace bestow'd on you, by choyce dame Nature.  
You are her only choyce, O prythee why  
Should'st thou thus derogate, to let me dye ?

Was it because my longing eyes did still  
Covet to view thy beauty ev'ry day,  
Glutting with sursets, yet had not it's fill ,  
But begs a pleasing smile, and then away,  
Leaving behinde a heart so full of woe,  
That I could better stay than thence to goe ?

Or

## *The Fancies Theater.*

It was't because my love to thee was such,  
That I each minute set thy praises forth;  
And never thinking that I lov'd too much  
A soule of such rare beautie, and pure worth,  
Hoping at last to purchase such a prize,  
That should ~~lose~~ see, he might eternalize?

---

### *To Clarinda, having had no answer to the former Letter.*

**N**OT yet an answer! ha's your well-tun'd Muse  
Forsooke her pleasing Pamphlets, and refuse  
To grace me, as the subject of her Verse?  
Or doe you please to keepe 'em for my Herse;  
Thinking your studies (whil'st living) were ill spent,  
Unlesse in jesting sort and merriment?  
Not as a solid Lover, but as one  
Who ne're fetcht sighs, shed teares, or lent a groane,  
Which I, poore I, have done. Oh, why ha's Heaven  
Grac'd you with such a feature, and not given  
A correspondent heart? or, if it be  
That you retaine your Lyrick Verse for me,  
To grace my sable Herse; I'le pray no more;  
You need not, Lovers shall my case deplore;  
Such as have knowne what 'tis to lose a heart,  
They, they shall pitie me, and beare a part.  
And if thy studies be to such an end,  
Live happy, and embrace another friend,  
Whom you can fancie better, while poore I  
In peace forsake this Earths mortality.

*The Fancies Theater.*

*To Fortune.*

Great Queene of Mutabilitie, to thee  
I send my Votes; nor beg I smiles from thee;  
My low and humble thoughts shall ne're aspire  
To climbe unto an Earledome, or Empire;  
Nor are they sweld with strong Ambition so,  
To beg a Lordship, or thy favours: no;  
Since begging is so usefull, I'le forbear  
To beg, lest whipping fall unto my share.  
I will not aske thee any thing, but what  
Thou canst not give, that onely is my lot.  
First, I wo'd have from thee thy massie store,  
Whereby I may extend it to the poore;  
Nor sho'd it court your fawning Parasite,  
Or kisse rich Dives wealth, that's infinite.  
Give me thy eyes, and with thy eyes I'le see,  
To give desert its due, scorne flatterie.  
But thou art blind, they say, and do'st not know  
On what, or whom thou do'st thy wealth bestow.  
Thy judgement rather than thy eyes are blind,  
In my opinion, else thou couldst not find  
Such ominous distinctions 'twixt true worth  
And dunghill-Doublents, muskt and fented forth:  
The Gallants Feather, and his tatling Spurre,  
The Citie Miser wrapt in's Neighbours Furre,  
The Countrey-dolthead Mungrell brought to Land,  
Though illegitimate, is by thy hand  
Advanc'd above the ranke of Carters sonne,  
(Reserv'd for laughter till his wealth is done.)

Gulls

## The Fancies Theatres

Gulls were ordain'd wits pastime, 'tis their fate  
To be wits slave, though on wits gold they bate.  
How aptly thou hast fanc'd out their Mates?  
On vicious Gallants still diseases waites,  
Accompanied with pride and infamy,  
Base sonne and daughter to civility.  
On your ingrossing Usurer attends  
Legions of tim'rous heart-quakes, that portends  
Some eminent danger, maliqu'd with Vaines of gold,  
Immur'd in dung that doth his conscience hold.  
Your plodding Country-man, whose subtill shift  
Employ'd to vex his neighbours by his thrift;  
Continuall suites in Law, a Termes vexation  
Consumes more angels than a long Vacation.  
His misery's in this, his painfull evill  
Can never gaine 'bove factor for the devill.  
Then what are all these blest in, save the Ore  
That guilds their lives, yet leavest their souls most poore?  
Shou'd I with strict severenesse use my skill  
In the deepe search of folly, wade my quill  
Through pitchy Seas of Satyrisme, I might  
Rip up thy parched intrals, and incite  
Each fence we master, to grow fat, and swell  
With uncutb'd laughter; let my whispers tell,  
Thou do'st reside in ignorance, and braggs  
Most in thy gorgeous vestments, when the ragg's  
Of poverty's more pretious: what upholds  
Thy pride but indiscretion? Will controules  
The Law of reason, and when these doe reele,  
Thy state is unsupported, and thy wheele  
Broke in despight of frownes; thou canst not see  
(As we doe) into thine owne misery.

Wrake

## *The Fancies Theater.*

Wrack not thy wealth on errors, but require  
More brawny-nerv'd assistance, whose pure fire  
Cohabits with true judgement; wisdom can  
Envolv'd in reason, make the soule of man.  
Ruin up the Pyramids of praise, and shew  
The world new wayes to honor thee. Then know  
Thy choyce of Votaries; the Poet will  
Practise his Arts Encounters, and distill  
His rich harmonious Raptures that shall raise  
A Fabrick to thy name, 'bove th'reach of praise;  
Vertues white essence next in order shall,  
Accompani'd with Patience, offer all  
Her stock of goodnessse, and the Scholler turne  
His books to Martyrs, att thy Altar burne.  
*Europe* must needs adore thee; wonder more  
To see the Scholler sick, the Miser poore.  
Poets shall then disdaine the thred-bare Bride,  
When silver-fac'd *Pecunia* is ally'd  
To their ingenios Pockets; Oh 'twould be,  
Me thinks a glorious metamorphosie.  
But why am I thus passionate, and speake  
Of such impossibilities, to break  
My Optick Science? Well, the world may see,  
I wou'd hayt so; though Fortune lowres on mee,  
No matter, use your Envie, thou shalbe  
Enricht with nothing, save inconstancie.

To

*The Fancies Theater.*

---

*To Clarinda upon her in-  
constancie.*

I Finde ; you are no Changeling, for indeed  
You can dissemble neatly, and still feed  
My hopelesse comforts with your hearty vowes,  
That neither Faith, nor Constancie allowes :  
I blush to speake thy weaknesse, prythee why  
Do'st thou make black thy tongue with perjury?  
Wantons doe often use it, canst thou be  
A faithlesse Wanton, and so faire a Shee ?  
I dare not say you love me, your reply  
Will then ungently give my tongue the lye.  
You are not true as I am, but still prove  
A steeming Saint, in vow'd dissembling love.  
Yet know, I love you, and would have you doe  
A miracle in Woman, to be true.  
What constancie canst thou expect from any,  
That art so fickle, and canst love so many ?  
I prythee leave dissembling, doe not gloze,  
Or guild thy words with vowes, make silver droffe ;  
Thy vowes are farre more pretious ; gold to them,  
Is as a Leaden Croune to a Diadem :  
Which vowes you'l use so often, that they'l be  
The chiefest witnessse 'gainst thy guilt and thee.

To

*The Fauns Theater.*

*To his much honoured friend Master  
John Robert Newfangle Gilder.*

TO rank thee friend amongst my best of friends,  
For thy Quotidian favours, makes amends,  
In part, though not in all; and then againe,  
When I conceive the fickle state of men,  
How soone their faith's extinct, how quickly gone,  
Like to a thing but newly thought vpon :  
My feare begets a passion, and doth strive  
To hugge my friends, and keepe their names alive.

*To his good friend M. H. D.*

FRIEND, I must blame thee, yet I think thee too :  
Thou hast done that which many would not doe ;  
For when my lines lay open to your view,  
Begot by me, yet fetch'd their breath from you,  
Through your perswasions, and entreaty, I  
Have thrust my Rimes into the worlds wide eye,  
Where I expect their censur, yet I swear,  
Be't good, or bad, thou shal embrase thy share.  
Thy verse my Verse to th' world doth usher in ;  
Not to require thoe then twere held a sin :  
Nor will I be too lavish in thy praise,  
(Thy worth alone may gaine Poetick bayes)  
All that I'll doe, if my count me rude,  
Is to repell the brand, ingratitude.

*Io. Tatbens.*

*The Faeries' Themen.*

An Ode Aerostick-wise on the  
Vertuous Gentlewoman

A mongst so many, whose desire  
L ives fresh thy goodness to admire; a or all  
I doc present my Moxie, to be  
C rowned with thy Resplendencie.  
E enjoy thou Beautie, whose deserts  
P rodisme thee Mistress of all hearts,  
V erues blessing, with those Graces  
R aigning in their proper places,  
D syning now to wait on thee; But I  
T eeling to thy Sovereigntie.

A nd while the starres shall grace the Skyes,  
L ike sparkes of light from Cythiers eyes,  
I mbrace more blessings than can keepe I count  
C ast by Arithmetick on them,  
E nrich thy Nupcialls with a Guest,  
P roud to harbour in thy Breast;  
V ests with her Virgin Crue,  
R ichly desir to wait on you,  
D evoted comes, and at your Shrine  
T illies forth her Offering.

## The Fancies & Beauty.

A uera's sense-delighting Flowers  
L eave to deck her fragrant Bowers,  
I ndecked by your ever-Spring,  
C ourting Phoebus to sing  
E ncomiajists, as your day, you I adorne  
P urchas'd by those gifts which you  
V ouchis'd to lend them, to adorne  
R of-cheek'd and whisker-ring'd Mome;  
D istilled Peoples from your bright eyes  
T eel'd them thick Morning Scrafles.

A nd now the Musick of the Sphynxes  
L ent by you, invites all eabes; now I leav  
I stoness 'most'd from whence it came,  
C omes to meet your Peoples flame,  
E arly brings to please your sense,  
P anchais' Paines, rich Frankiaconis,  
V circtuated with delight,  
R esplendent as the Morning bright,  
D is-robes her selfe, and leaves his trunk  
T ou the onely Queene of Youth.

A glaie, with her Sisters two,  
L ikewile comes to wait on you;  
I njurd Virgins to you flye,  
C raving shelter from your eye,  
E terniz'd by those Blessings which  
P refag'd their Vertues should enrich,  
V aking there an ardent Zone,  
R eason tells is you alone;  
D ryades, with all their powers  
T ou command, and they are yours.

## The Fancies Thesau'r.

A rabies Phoenix needs must haue  
L esse rare than Fly, compar'd to thee;  
I owe in reading, and carrying men,  
C hain'd himselfe to done all that;  
E imperious Love hath lost his heart,  
P retending thou hast got his Dart;  
V owes must be onely made to thee,  
R eleasing Lovis captivitie;  
D gnie not your perfections true;  
T ouchs Queene (and all) doth rest in you.

A ll Beauties, Graces, Vertues bee  
L ively pencil'd out in thee;  
T o thy haire we may discrie  
C hast Love sit in majestic;  
E yes thou haist, by which the Sunne  
P lyces his course, ere day be done;  
V oyce? the Nightingales sweet throat,  
R uns harsly to thy Dorian note;  
D ancke? did she rare Penelope  
T ex live, she needs must yeeld to thee.

As in the Spheare of Goodnesse, ev'ry Sence  
Hath by instinct in you their Residence.

## The Empress Theater.

đó là khía cạnh duy nhất mà không có

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To. Philomele.

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*Eave Phileas, no make thy meane;* safful 32207. 4.

The Woes had periods mixed with bright intervals.

**Invaded with fresh Crucifix.**

The Joys I have, are such as many will not choose to

**Make the green Spring a Winter's day;**

Cease then thy noyse of weareleſſe.

Thou'lt grieve for my unhappiness.

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### **La Clarinda**

**T**HAT I did lost thee, summon up thy Voices.

**As uncorrupted witness can allowes**

No partialities; pursue my own, which will be the easiest way.  
Unprinted as above—also a copy of *Sketches*.

**Unfained, as the Orphans of Sion.**

Expir'd, as Alas! knowse, that aduentur'd selfe helme; 20 Y.

**Heav'n with spirit devotion; that I did**

**Adore each formality as well keeping birds;** *and a* **as** *bird* **Examine** **each** **particular** **list** **and** **obey** **it** **as** *you* **will**

**My boxing fanatic offered to always raise a glass with me.**

## The Fancier Theat'r.

That every smile enliven'd my dull senect ;  
Search but the custome of thy influence,  
And it appears in Characters of blisse,  
No Paradise so pleasing as a Kisse.]  
That I did deeme thy polisht Ivory brow,  
A firmament, wherein twin-starres allow  
A greater lustre than the pride of Heaven,  
Contracted t'a full sky-light, could have given  
Us Mortals. Ask the World, and then w'le whith  
A Mount of Alabaster does enrich about this bosome  
T hy smooth Ermin-like fowched; to thy cheekes,  
The stock of Flors for a refuge foyles; & 2000000000  
Those Trefles which thou wear'st are golden snare,  
Though fally some did nominate them haire.  
The Affrick Coralls on thy ruby lips  
Mix their perfections, and in Nappiall skips  
Trip to the Spheare-like Musick of thy voyce  
Able to charme a Seraphin; the choyce  
Elettars in your neck; your azure veines  
On snowy beds discypher to the Swaines  
The Temp of true happiness, when they  
By my command did to' em homage pay.  
I set thee forth in Verse, rais'd thee so high,  
All sinn'd, that breath'd thee less than Deity.  
My praises out-did Nature, thou wert then  
The only fishjett for my Muse and Pen.  
The world shall likewise tellise y but bere  
Yet wisedome bids me stop: I will not swerve,  
Though I haue cause to execrate thy falshope  
Which is a blessing your sexe seldom haue  
I will omit all rashnesse, only this,  
Confuse thy soule even in its hope of blisse.

Fal

## The Fancies Treasury

Falſe and neglectfull Woman, hadſt thou bin  
Deformed in thy person, as thy ſin,  
I ſho'd have then abhor'r'd thee, and my eyes  
Percely'd the ſtrong infection in thee lyes.

Thou art not faire; wauſe only Fancy led  
Me to Hyperbole's; thy cheeks once red  
Colour'd by me, thy eyes, lips, hands and all; W  
In Lethe have deserving Funerall.

Thy breath infects as killing pefilence;  
No more Paſchayes Gums, choyce Frankincence,  
Shall grace it with reſemblance; thou art  
Of an Æthiopian colour ev'ry part;  
Pencil'd by Shame and Infamy: thy name  
Rac'd forth the Roile of Conſtanty and Faine.

The world only records thy falſhood; try  
If thou canſt winne me ſacreduluſy,  
That thou diſdiſt love me once, and check each tong,  
For it's diſperſion tis no poſcen wrong.  
Leſſe vindicated; but my faculties

Abjure thee now, though once thy Vocaries,  
And cannot retaine beliefe Colative you  
Were ever reall, but in being untrue;  
That only thou were made for; elſe thy breſt  
Would no're haue coverteſ a new imprefte  
But, like the conſtant Emerauld, have kept  
Its primitive, ſtaſt, and purify; falſhond ſlepe  
In ignorance; O yee powers, can there be  
An abſolution for impiety?  
If you'l decline from Juſtice, then you may  
Flatter her erring hopes with a long day  
Of fatall tryall, whole conuiction muſt  
Precipitate her gloryes into dust

## The Fancies Traveller.

Sure, though prolong'd, the difference then will be,  
Th' insulting freedome chain'd, my bondage free;

## The Authors Dreame.

WHen as my dull and weary'd eyer, had long  
With tedious watchings, bout my temples hung;  
The vale of sleepe like a long wisted Lamp,  
Smother'd, went out, and fell into a damp:  
My sensess tasting of some happiness,  
Ambition rose, and strove for further blisse,  
Till that me thought, an Echo in my eare,  
Bad, rise and follow me; why sleepe'st thou here? not I  
With that a Winger-sweat did over-spread  
My bloodlesse cheeke as in amazement dead;  
Each limb did shake, my panting heast did knell  
Death's sad unwelcomme tone, Nights passing-bell;  
The selfe-same voyce againe did seeme to be  
The comforter of my sad hopes and me.  
Musick possest mine careys, in that I then  
Contrem'd my feares, and seem'd awake agen.  
No sooner had my eares enjoy'd so rare  
tinlook'd for pleasures, bat did straight repaire  
A Lady of that beauty (clad in white)  
As seem'd to our-fée Day, and conquer Night;  
Her haire dishevel'd-hung, about her browes  
A wreath of Lawrell; on her garments, voweles  
Of perjur'd Lovers, mingled with the blood  
Of some poore injur'd creature, that withstood  
No ill-tempestuous storme in hope to game  
For her pure constancie th'Elysian Plaine;

When

## The Fancies Theater.

When as their spotted soules as black as bell,  
Shall choake themselves with vows in Pura's Cell.  
Her heeves neare bare, bur in a modest manner,  
Hew the pure colour of true Lovers Banner,  
Under the which they hold their second faith,  
Those sprungy pearleise Twins the females hatch  
About which blood a pzedious stone was plac'd,  
Such, as had Venus worne, it w'd have grac'd  
Her wanton beauty, and have forc'd the Boy  
To left his dallying, and the sport enjoy.  
On th' other side whereas black vowe doe make  
A darknesse shadow, brightnesse does pertake  
Of golden Charecters, that who so see,  
Mutt by those golden letter's guided be.  
Rich Sandals fetcht from farre, of purest gold,  
Did her unvalu'd feet in pleasure hold,  
As white as is the purest morning milk,  
And seem'd Inswar'd with fine Arabian silk.  
With her two Virgins also clad in white,  
Supporting on each side this Queene of light.  
Upon each garment artificially  
Was interweav'd a pearly distilled eye,  
Sad, discontented, langaish, broken hearts,  
Fears, teares, sighes, sobs, lamentes, and piercing darts.  
Crosse Fates, friends frownes (in gold) the Parents hate,  
Seem'd their contentions to expostulate,  
With that their soules sweet Organs tun'd. Forbearo;  
Let thy feares vanishe, we shall bring thee where  
Death keepes his Court, the fable irksome Cell  
Of murdering soules, where sinnes with Puries dwell:  
There thou shal see each broken Vow to have  
Descryed punishment: death want a Grave.

Yet

*The Fancies Thesaur.*

Yet feare not Youth, for through the ayre we'll have,  
And with our robes of truth thy doubts will sayse.  
My feares then left me, and we mounted straight  
On a wing'd Chariot they enjoynd to waste  
For us, drawne with foure milke-white Doves ;  
Such as dñe Venus's please d with, when her Lovers  
Shee meanes to visit; through the ayre than wce,  
Swifter than nimble-footed Mercury  
Did fly. — At length  
Such shrill confusions beat into my eares,  
As wo'd have sunk the world, dissolv'd the spheares :  
But Truth my hill supporter, bade me be  
No whit yet daunted, for I leone shd see  
Horours of worse affrightments; with that shake  
The lower earth, and from a Sulphurous lake  
Flew flames of quenchlesse fire, with the smoake  
Of leathsome brimstone, casting trees of Oak.  
The dismall noyse of screech-Owles, hissing Snakes,  
Toads, Adders, Monsters, and what else pertakes  
Of ugly poyson, seem'd a Cavalere,  
And fellow partner with all creatures there :  
In that salt teares made furrowes in my cheeke,  
And for some reconciliation seekes ;  
With that demanding of my guider Truth,  
What place that was? the answ're d, pretty Youth,  
A place where falle neglectfull Lovers be :  
Such as have cansell'd faith and loyalty,  
This is the place where thy disdaignefull Faire  
Shall be creast new ; tease her bright haire ;  
Rejoyce to have a Serpent to her bed,  
And by deformed monstres ravished.  
My panting soule then sinkt, but tender shoo

## The Fancie Theory.

Rais'd me againe, demanding straight of me  
The reason of that passion; I reply'd, 'tis now long since  
I lov'd her still: though Reason it deny'd so neare ev'ry bick.  
Shall she for whome my studys I have spent, (w<sup>m</sup> 1612) &  
(Faite TRUTH) receive this doone and punishment? (w<sup>m</sup> 1612)  
Shall Monstres and beasts enjoy what I before  
Did Idolize, and pay my Sins with? (w<sup>m</sup> 1612) And now doon  
Shall they suck hony from so much a thorn, gaillant Edward?  
And glut themselves with this each soule alive? (w<sup>m</sup> 1612)  
Wo'd humbly kneele for: O, shall they then bereft me  
The only meanes? enlarge my misery? (w<sup>m</sup> 1612) And  
Truth's answer was, we'll leave this dolefull place; (w<sup>m</sup> 1612)  
Banish distrust, we'll quend our slow-wing'd peace, (w<sup>m</sup> 1612)  
And drive thee to the Temple of content, (w<sup>m</sup> 1612)  
Where Love shall laugh at Falshoods banishment, (w<sup>m</sup> 1612)  
And in despight of Envie, shall obtaine (w<sup>m</sup> 1612) The  
The feeling welcome of his heart againe. (w<sup>m</sup> 1612)  
Where Pyramus and Thisbe live in blisse, (w<sup>m</sup> 1612) And  
And there enjoy each other with a kisse. (w<sup>m</sup> 1612)  
Then did we drive our Chariot through a Grove (w<sup>m</sup> 1612)  
Of Mayden-flowers, where the Queene of Love (w<sup>m</sup> 1612)  
Met with her Mortallis, and presen came (w<sup>m</sup> 1612)  
With due salutes, and homage to Truths name. (w<sup>m</sup> 1612)  
The Chariot staid, we lighted, and then went (w<sup>m</sup> 1612)  
Into a place call'd Loversome pasturage. (w<sup>m</sup> 1612) And  
Where e're pretty Bird in warbling notes, (w<sup>m</sup> 1612) Did  
Did give us entertainment with their Voices. (w<sup>m</sup> 1612)  
Each Lover had his Mate, and on the Greene (w<sup>m</sup> 1612) A  
Did sport and play, and blith became (w<sup>m</sup> 1612)  
Exchanging kisses, in so much that (w<sup>m</sup> 1612) To  
Did emulate their candie drollery, (w<sup>m</sup> 1612) Cleverer another.  
The Virgins that did wait upon our Queene, (w<sup>m</sup> 1612)

Left

The Watcher Thonur.

Left her with me, and went into a Groene,  
Where two sweet Youth, clad in a crimson dyne,  
Did give 'em entertainment to the eye.  
Joyes met with joyes; the Quiristers did sing,  
As welcoming the wanrou youthfull Spring.  
Where in an Arbour, crown'd with Violets,  
Each with his Mate newlumpetrie begotes,  
Truth's smiling Aspide with her Affectionate  
Offer'd a whipper sonne; and condemnet  
My former inchedulint; then gave  
Me her advice to purchase ought they have in vaine or  
Opens her biehest Casket, and shewes: a wight  
The bed of Ondours, whereth' Elizeth Rose,  
The fence-delighting Violets, and th' left work with on  
Of Flora's pride, are by a Garland strest,  
Compas'd about with little hoops of Glasse,  
Reflecting on each cheeke that by 'em pacie,  
The ground-work honey, and the Juice of love,  
The Mornes refreshment. *Nofer* cast by Jove,  
(instead of dew) upon their colour'd veynes,  
With oyls of Conflancy to kepe from foynes  
Of every ruder hand, and there they lyce.  
Unpluckt by any, save Maturity,  
No mermaid then *Wager* cannot afford  
Us such Redolent Miracles, when shibold  
And Closet that newynct hem, is a place  
Impal'd with all costers, and Beauties Chale,  
A Park where Harri kepe their Imperious way  
Without surpynge Tyrants, they can payle him noot bid  
Their Morne-devotion without use of life  
Exactions trouble, or a wight of strife; with easines hie  
Here they like Doves, the Nature in her kind,  
Mutually

## The Fancies Theater.

Munally live each with his Mate, refindes  
From the grasse errors dwell in Mortalls, who with us. We  
Think'tis enough, in that they onely woe, is a vixen and I  
Without a thought of feruency, if one  
(A Woman, for none else wold be a stone). finds  
Finds an incurable folly to invade  
Her Lover, called passion, sh'st a Trade,  
Though 'twill scarce get her living, yet shes'll grow  
Fat with insulting o're her Patients woe,  
Which custome's here a Stranger; here, said Truth,  
Lawes are enag'd to entresure Youth; but n' thond  
Here Flora's Spring, Autumn, and chequer'd May,  
The pleasing Gales of Zephyri doe convey  
And this their Winter Mansion; Yet they know  
No frosty binger can assault 'em so  
Here they inhabit without nipping paine,  
Till gentle Zephys post 'em back again, may right hale  
To kisse the worlds knowne Womans theronfies.  
Th'united Rathesse that their births abuse  
Each wilfull finger and depeaving hand  
With Insolency robs, uses, command  
(Instead of guilde antreacie) regred from them  
The infancy of their sprung influence;  
Crops the sweet Virgin flower before the age  
Makes it compleatly ripe, while the sad Breyer,  
Mother to those rich gemms, embraces her;  
Or else left destitute, who does become  
Barren in nougat but grise, her martydoms  
Oh irreligious Mortalls, see your error:  
Covetous in nothing but in hornding Treasure,  
Which last like Rose, leaving ones their Trees,  
Becomes inconsistent through inconsistancie.

Then

## The Faerie Queene

Then know the differences, and invent thy selfe  
With whiter thoughts, banish respect of selfe,  
That like a hellish Advocate delude  
Mans sense into a glittering servitude:  
Which choakes 'em in digestion, cut the eye,  
Which binds thee to thy ruine, let 'em be humaine, about  
Disjoyn'd for ever, and deeme contempn,  
The only meane of Fortune, for without  
Such resolutions heves goe about,  
To stile thy selfe a Lover; 'tis a thing of a madnesse  
Abhor'd in reall Actions, twill not bring  
Mortality to th' pleasure sign'd for thee,  
This sacred Temp's true felicity:  
Where no tempestuous storme of Parend' hant,  
Shall dare to cross thy e're propitious Path,  
Thy Love and thou' hast in rest in sweet content,  
Shall spin your times in vndieffe increment.  
But if that she be obstatte, and still  
Disdaies our dread command and pow'rfull will,  
I'le send a summon by our blisfield Boys,  
That shall convert to sorrow ev'ry joy,  
Goe tell the lower world what you have done,  
As you doe honor us a Myddes Queenes to your selfe,  
This have I shoun you, that the world may know,  
What power we have, and what to us they owe,  
Then post you back, you winged Messenger,  
And leave him where we found him; Time begets  
No other conseruace, for the glasse of Day  
Appeares; then haste, pack on, make hast away,  
For feare our shevvish frusly-bearded Thow,  
Rushes through all speares too fast, and Phebus shinceth  
With that they mounted me, and in the space

The Family Treaty.

Of one poore minute brought me to the place  
Where first they found me, that my giddy braine  
Struck with amaze, knew not from whence I came,  
Till gentle *Morpheus*, thus did first surprise  
My weaken'd fences had unlock'd mine eyes,  
And gave free passage to each stretching part,  
By the pure skill of his ne're failing Art.  
Then kinde *Aurora* grac't me with a smile,  
And *Phœbus* welcom'd me from my exile,  
In that my late dull spir'ts then were apt  
To entertaine secrets in Riddles wape.  
Then did I think upon my former charge,  
Giv'n by my guider Truth to me at large,  
And all thosie pleasures I that night did see,  
Grew fresh and pleasant in my memory.  
That I not disobeying her command,  
Like a true Subject, in another land  
In trust for her, must let her pralies be  
Blazon'd by Fames guilt Trump of Poche,  
And first unto my Dearest as a friend,  
I did unfold my Dreame, and recommend  
Each passage I had seene, time, place, and where  
Of paine, joy, griefe, or blisse, she might have sharpe  
But shee not giving credite of beliefe  
To any such weake fictions, nor reliefs  
To me, or any others; but doth still  
Continue in her bad Miserate will.  
Leave her I must; but let her know, that face  
Shall live to be the subject of disgrace.  
Nor shall one teare be shed in pity, shoo  
That liv'd disdainfull, shall disdained be.

## The Fancier's Theater.

## To Cupid.

Cupid, I'm inflam'd with feare,  
Left her beauty befores thy care;  
Shee's sufficient to intice  
Virtue out of Paradise;  
When her breathings kill her lip,  
Expired Gums and Odours skip.  
Every Accent is a charme,  
And her circle is her arme;  
In the which shee I raise or lay,  
Man or spirit, flesh or clay.  
Shee's an Artist that delights  
More in Conquests than in sights,  
Tis her use to sette those  
Icy-bodies shee has chose.  
(In her owne preserv'd intent,  
To appearre by it more excellent).  
To her bright Phebean haire,  
Where perfume'd Myrrh's arc;  
In such a prison how, or there,  
Wold descend and Capture bee,  
But, here's the glory crownes her moe,  
Shee dissolves those Jumps of frost,  
And gives it active blood and fire,  
(Rather wonder, than desire).  
Makes it forme; for, from her eye,  
A hot Promethean flame does flye,

## THAT FALCON THERIN.

And penetrates so ev'ry hallow'd place I yeaue a signe M  
Th' augmenting flames can't be express'd  
In that free only erres in part, so I won't say  
Tis wilfullnesse, not want of Art  
Shee shooes her scorching beastes too fast  
Wiles flame on flame, and blast on blast  
And then she leaves him in his flame,  
Though one poore teare wo'd quench the flame  
Her oyl'd expressions shee did paint  
From the falle Mercure's trying  
Tis a language windes the ears  
Admiration, gulls the Sphareas,  
All these rarities are us'd  
The contrary sence, therefore shalldy or toise  
Then Cupid, now challdy know thy shes  
How to shunne her flattery  
Or dry selfe, and let her know  
Beauty does a reverence owa  
To thy powerfull frown : ~~the play~~  
My part a while, and for me say, methold errowd  
(If that her smiles don't bitteth thy witt)  
Rather for scorne than praise she's fit.

## Cupids ~~Shewes~~.

Airest Mortall, think not I  
Priviledge a starre-like eye,  
Or the choicer Faire on earth ;  
I can blaft 'em in their birth :  
Yet that you might feele desir'd,  
Quenching Love's Idioties fires.

## The Keween Waban

Mongst a many Beauties I preferv'd thee  
My Deity: but now I see  
Thou disdain'st my power and might  
Therefore by my Fath'ren Brand  
My commands must see you know  
That a strange complaint afflites  
Bear a parley with me  
And so entred, that godly place  
With that upore grew wonder and amazement  
In so much that they made  
Messenger of punishment  
In my Mothers sacred name  
You a Traitor to piety  
'Gainst the Lawes of Love and Beauty,  
And to what you owe by duty  
To th' Aethercall powers and might  
Cancel'd through Inconstancie  
By my Bow and flaming Dart  
By the Lovers bleeding heart  
By the hand, and by the gloom of night  
By the eye that captiv'd me  
I command and summon thee,  
As Loves Barre to answer mee,  
To what we shall there obiecte,  
'Gainst thy scorne and base neglect?  
Faile not creature, as you will  
Answer, your ensuing ill.

ghosts'

E

## The Fiction Glass.

## The Oath after death

Pale-check'd Mortall, now your eyes  
Returne their lustre to the skyes  
No hue of Rosie-red doth guide  
The welcome Lilies, as a Buds  
Nor are th'Lilies fresh, and gay,  
As they were the other day.  
The present guilt doth make it knownes,  
Beautie lent, is not your owned  
Yess now the Queenes of Love  
Is in presence, and must prove  
You a disobedient heire

## To her glorious Hemisphere.

And must here as witness be  
To your black mouth'd ~~peccary~~  
Therefore on this gold leaf'd booke  
In which Lovers oft doe looke  
Lay your hands, if you will  
From usurp'd Tyranny  
From the many Injuries and ~~teare~~  
Lovers use, their mighty teare;  
From their passions, folled ~~armes~~  
Lull'd asleepe, with furies ~~charmes~~  
From the manscuring of a Harry  
Glorying to ~~overcomme~~ ~~the world~~

## *The Fairies' Theatres.*

From an angry lowring eye,  
Spying Lovers destiny,  
From a mock or scornefull smile,  
That kills, though pleases for a while.  
From a heart that harbors grome,  
Leaving witlesse Youths forlorne:  
You may freely sware, but see,  
The Rose has left his Treasury,  
Your starres are clouded; Rubies red  
Have left th' exchequer'd lips of you, will I enthrone  
And with fweer gales transported thence  
To secke a better residence.  
Hence to tryall, Thessia now  
'Gainst thy guilt doth set her brow  
And Conscience calls; you must appear  
At Loves Barre, and answer there.

## *His Allegations against Clorinda,*

**T**O you faire Cyprian Dame, I doe present  
A languisht heart bound to imprisonment,  
(Without your faire releasement) to an eye  
Swel'd with Ambition, flat Conspiracie,  
Whose still aspiring soule did think 'twas duty,  
That greatest Mortalls shou'd admire her beauty,  
Nay, to that height Ambition had convey'd  
A strong beliefe, shee was not Earthly made,  
To entertaine a Love that had no power,  
Like Jove r'appear'd in an Argusian shrowre,  
And when bright Sol his glorious Rayes displaide  
To grace the world, Concitt might soone perswade

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## The Faeries Theater.

Her wilesse-fancie, his all-seeling eye.  
Borrow'd it's lustre from her brighter eye.  
Your selfe whom *Paris* well did judge to bee  
Heav'n's only pece, the fairer of the three,  
Shee wo'd not blush to say, had the YOUTH seen  
Her marchelle Beauty, you had beene no *Queene*.  
And I in ignorance believ'd the same,  
Blinded with love, so weav'd into a frame  
Of doding passions, having no alliance  
To my owne welfare, or her base defiance  
For her I wasted all my houres in griefe,  
Expecting comfort, yet found no reliefe;  
Often have I curst the Boy that first beway'd  
My hearts security, forcing me to make  
Throughth' ever sable streame of curst despaire,  
Or crimson gulfe of horror to the staire  
Of absolute madnesse, still ingendring ill,  
Now sink, then rise, subje<sup>t</sup> to Fates sterne will:  
Not knowing thee to be of facted line,  
Yet felt thy sting, but knew it not divine.  
As now I doe; But thought some Circes might I  
With charmes bereave me of my bodie's right,  
Forgive me sacred Deities, no more  
Will I blasphem your goodnessse as before,  
No oaths or vowes of *Hymenes* right  
Could move her minde, no liquid teares invite  
Her heart to pity, no disast'reous fate  
Of future mischiefe could steele herm  
My present death. But in her scorncfull looks  
I read her meaning as an Angers booke,  
Sometimes with a dissembling smile retaines  
Me longer to encrease my Love-sick paines.

*The Faſter. Thaſer.*

As doth the cunning Doctor keepe in ure,  
His queacie Patient, and prideth the Cure ;  
Either to make him kill the boordor thame,  
Or else for feare his Patient shd combine  
With others, had he lost his Quicke cheſto.  
My cunning faire with ſmiles wou'd walk too ;  
Knowing that none but ſhee had equal power,  
To crowne my hopes, or blift me in an houre.  
And thus in endleſſe paſtions did I live,  
Ling'ring my breath, Deaths bare Epitomy,  
Nor would ſhee pity that my ſpring-like age  
Sho'd dying, live, in Lovers Pilgrimage.  
When as th' impartiall Maids have beeene my wife,  
Which firſt ſho'd cut my thred, and end my life,  
Shee'd tyrañize o're my paſſions; nay, and more,  
Difdain'd your power, whiche byde I did implore ;  
Telling me, Beauty had more than Love,  
Beauty was that ſtrong charme enchaſtmed her.  
Then wo'd appear ſuch lightning from her eye,  
As ſeem'd to equal th' moone's Maieſty.  
Here doe I ſtand for to averre, and prove  
Her base, diſloyall, and my conſtant love.  
Be just you Powers, and let your ſentence be,  
A punishment too good for perjury;  
That future times perifling of her thame,  
May praife your Justice, and abhorrē her name;  
Without your ſentence, all will ſoone aſpige,  
Like proud *Prometheus* for to ſteale your fire.  
For th' envie of their ſex it is to deepe,  
They'l ſtudy nightly, and revenge in ſleep.

*The Censure of the Gods*

---

Has not per Decius made the world pay

What other gods worth to us there are

Desiring our salvation for a bribe

Men in their pride to us, to give us gold.

Upon your own conscience will you now confound

To say with me all the world is full of these

Has not also caused of people (as these) wee

Any more worthy to be your gods than wee

Say if you will be patient in this place

And wee, to compare with them, wee have

If I have done wrong; and I will see to it

That ouer a course of years, I will see to it

V V Ee will now bestow his answer, hee will say,  
Will but addie therpon to her affay.

Her guilt is too apparent, therefore wee  
For thy aspiring thoughts, doe banish thee  
From that best light, which earthly creatures doe  
Admire, and yearely pay a tribute to.  
Since from thine eyne such spades of lightning come,  
To blast our servant here & destruise the same  
From whenceformalayt. / Upon her necke to staine

I see these alreadie; none can tell me where

Wheropon a bribe is given, b

Wheropon a bribe is given, b

Forbear; indeed you wrong me t her offence  
Requires a censure from our Excellence.  
Was there neuer any, till her premissions sonie  
(Inflam'd with Treason) sought for to controll  
Our all-commanding power, this once not thin  
Stain'd with the folly of Navigating him.

The Faerie Queene

Has not her Beauty made the world below  
Forget that duty which to us they owe,  
Deeming our greatness but a fallacie.  
Mention'd by children in the Pinnacles? sd T  
Then know, to us, to us shee has done wrong,  
Corrupting Mortalls with her venom'd tongue,  
To cast misse on our greatness; since then shee  
Has not yet tasted of those sweets that wee,  
And those that live not by mee, will enjoy,  
All subject to the anger of my boy: 162  
Shee shall be barren, in this happiness,  
And ne're embrace what hidden sweets there is  
In Lovers glances; but shall live to be  
The onely scorner to Loves posterity;  
Shee shall love one, and (living) love him so,  
Her love shall quench his hate, her woe.

This must not bee your costard doth appear; most soone  
Not from desire but Envie; I date cleare to the galleys  
The innocent soule. Why barren? cause you know  
The sweets already; none can merit so.  
Forsooth a kisse is eny'd, and a glance  
That doth unbreathe mans spirits with a trance.  
Deny'd embraces is forbidden; what if I  
Endeavour to salute lip, breast, or — why?  
Wo'd blushes bear me thence? worse her white hand,  
To lead me to the fountaine, where I le stand  
As cold as Marble, till her lips doe seal  
A Patent for my entrance. 163

## The Fancie's Themen.

Not to your Will, but Love ; al' twold arise  
Mutually sweet, when both hearts sympathize.  
Come, you forget your selfe ; is it not rare,  
To have a woman honest, while she's faire ?  
Which by your Sentence must be ; 'tis faith, and then  
She'll grow more famous, though less lov'd of men.  
Had you beene charie of your Maidenhead,  
As you were of your Beautie, y' might ha' spread  
Your Ivorie Leaves to Sparrows, and they'd peck  
Those Letters out, which doe your Goddesse deck.  
Fair Maid, for that thou hast a stirring thought  
Of Greatnesse, hating all but such as brought  
A Showre like Us, into our Dame's Lap,  
We fancie thee too much, to let a Clap  
Of raging Thunder pierce thee — lend thine eare —  
What, is't a match ? No : Why I thinkit thou they heare ?  
We will adjourne the Court. Not ? prynthee say ;  
I am incinder'd ; kille me, 'twill allay  
My heat : come, I will have it so ; wee'l steale  
Into an obscure cranie, put the eye  
Of Phœbus out ; my appetite does frye.

## Vulcan.

How Jupiter does lookenow : 'tis a prey  
Wou'd make all sell their happ'nesse ; by my fay  
A plump-check'd wench, and does deserve no less  
Honour than Venus, were she of her Dresse.  
Ile to her — I don't believe him Laffey, his wife  
Will blast thee with her anger, intrap thy life,  
As she did poore Alcmena's ; leane to mee,  
Venus and I are out, Ile none but thee.

And

## The Faeries' Thesaur.

And though I'm rough and soote, yet I am  
Below on thee the platures rest in man,  
As well as he; my hoope shall be set right,  
If thou swear to haue me taste delight,  
Or if thou wile not swear, or yould yet bed  
A wame; wiske, and let me feed on thee.

## Jupiter.

Thou art a lawe *Vulcan*, goe about  
To make me thunderbolts for th' Summer roun,  
Use your black-crusted hands P' th' Cyclops forge,  
Or dye your Hornes a sable hue; disgorge  
Yer' juicie stomack where our Horres lyse;  
Your man-like action needs must please their eyes;  
Or make thy wife euere honest; but I feare  
Mars ha's too late uncharmed her Manlyheare.

## Vulcan.

Why in this passion? 'las, I will connive  
At all your doing, provided I may thrive  
As well as you by it. What, not agreed? his shame is no  
Juno shall know thy folly then.— Dye first  
How brak he is with th' piece of Venetie? I haue known  
The match is made, and he must slip she dined.—  
That tyes her brauns to her maiden bed.

## The Faulcon Thalker

Wee'le make her Necle bar whan. Why fall you ne  
To Censure? Where's our Justice? Abient: Wim,  
Courting the traitr of Beantie?

## Justice.

My labour: shee's growne cumming, to refuse.  
Nay, use your pleasure now; shee scarce be made  
Capable of *Venus* traffique, Wantons Trade.

## Fame.

Then, Boys, this chiefe we stay for; let thy Art  
And tongue agree.

## Cupid.

Doubt not, I'le find her heart.  
Since I as *Venus* stand; I will, that thee  
A faulchess Wanton shall from henceforth bee;  
One, whose infatiate Wombe no meane shall know,  
But prostitute her Body, till shee grow  
Unusefull, and that time shall let her see  
A period to her hidden Venerie.  
Her person shall be much defin'd of many,  
Nor chaft nor constant shall shee prove to any,  
But covet to imbrace new fashions still,  
Whereby to glut her base infatiate will.

These

## The Fairies' Theater.

Those that have long been practisers in sin,  
She shall instruct new wayes of salvation in,  
And with her faire illusions shall invite  
All sorts of Nations to her sweete delight,  
But when her Country's overthrowes shall appear,  
And that her Cheekes no Rosie colour heare,  
When her soft Lip shall want the force to bind  
Thousands by adjuration to her mind ;  
When as the youthfull heat hath left to raigne,  
And that her Noryt, and sic cold retaine ;  
Where Eyes begin to looke into her Soule,  
Where they shewe it spred, wicked, foule ;  
When as her Hands, so much admis'd, shall be  
Wither'd, and like a bare Anatomie ;  
Then shall she lingring live without reliefe,  
Nor shall one prove a helper to her griefe.  
Those whom her youth and time she spent withall,  
(When as her Beaulte became prodigall)  
Shall loath to heare her nam'd ; and more, her sight  
Shall be to 'em as poys'notis *Asasite* :  
And when that Time shall, with his Neighbour Death,  
Steale unawares, and stop her vitall breath,  
All that she leaves behinde, is but her Name,  
And that lives onely to enlarge her shame.  
So, while she lives, her life is but a hate,  
And yet her death proves more unfortunate :  
Wretched by birth, and so brought vp to weare,  
In Life accurst, in Death her Soulcs chaste loc.  
Then what remaines, but onely plus to prove,  
A scorne to Time, a hatred unto man ?  
And on her Grave this Epitaph shall be  
Read, to condencine her vious memorie.

The Wombe's Thralles

*Her Epitaph.*

Here remaines a Piece, that shame  
Does forkeid to owne, or name; V  
She was once, in this, a Stone,  
Till Conversion made her done;  
Then her Beautie stain'd her Soule,  
Being faire, she was most foule;  
Low'd, yet hau'd all; V  
Whom she low'd, she bas'd molten earth, shuld A  
She was shal'd in Languiswo, T  
Ev'ry Nation did her woo; T  
She cou'd Interpret well, T  
Till she fashon'd how to spell, T  
Through the wofe. If any passion hold me ill, C  
On this tender yeelding Graffe, C  
To view this Piece, doe not weape, C  
'Tis a passion they may keape, C  
Only Chancie bids us say, C  
She is happy now shod Clay, C

*Others.*

We like thy Capture well, and are content,  
She shall endure thy Doseme and punishment.

The Faerie Queene

THE FAERIE QUEENE

An Epithalamium on the two happy  
Pair, Thomas & Elizabeth, the  
younger, and her

WP lazie Morne, send through all dordous ayre, I  
A blushe, that makewthe the Hymeniate morne  
To wonder, then, looke pale wth splenche, & wte,  
To all, save to this Bride, suprenacie, & heire,  
Wonder; in that the still whispering Night, & wte,  
Far with the weight of sinnes dismouthe, & light  
Of his assistant Horrore, ye hill Ringough signall'd  
Fatall to erring Mortali, & th' heauenly chace, & th' heire  
Its finall course; and th' appare, before his way o'ye  
Thy Porter had unhing'd his painted Doring, aye  
And 'tis confess, that Night two heau'ns did bring  
Since her bright rising banished his Mornay, aye  
Starres hid themselfs in Clouds, no cythias scene,  
The petty Lights would all haye Cythias beene,  
Could they have vanquish't Nature; but the heigh  
Of their Ambition prov'd their Opposite,  
And sunke them in th' Ayres. Oh P to see  
A Heav'n on Earth, yet hev'n if no Heav'n to bee,  
'Lesse by her Light afflited; th' Skie appeare  
Inable dresse, while Day did trip it here,  
A new Aurora brake, whose potent smiles  
Gilded the Easterne Morne, shaw'd Winter illes

Tylé

## The Fancie Thesaur.

Tyl'd o're with glasses of lot; shew'd th' Hesperis grow pale  
In goodnessse, yet from her they may glasse store,  
To furnish 'em for ever, 'till they be  
Too prodigall of her liberalitie.  
Hymen was made a Paradise, each Bush  
Retain'd a Spring-like Grot; the chirping Thrush  
Grew proud and wanton, and did use their Nests like I  
In fancying, *Autumne*, which they got by Rose;  
The chanting Philomel's magnificent straine,  
O th' piked Eganzine reviv'd againe;  
The am'rous Spring and Roses were westblowne,  
That in their chearles, forgot unfroncture all.  
The frostie-bearded Winter at his feet  
Dropt into Pearles his substance; and the Sheer  
That Earth of Nature hastnes to lye in,  
Chequer'd with Elysian beauties, did begin to lye in  
To prove abortive, came before their time; no Hail to 'em  
Yet safe deliver'd of its Spicile flame,  
Forc't by her radiant lustre; ev'ry Eras  
Wore Fruit forbidden, 'cause her Liveries  
Can this Sheer Wonder in them? No; for 'tis well said  
No wonder, didst thou know but what shee had too much?  
Shee's all divine, whose Virgin influence  
Merits the courtship of the dryes bright Prince,  
By whose amplexure, mixtures, Nuptiall tryos,  
Religious Votes shall frise each Soule wife,  
To blesse their bright Conjunction; for the which  
Hymen, whose care is *Mores* to enrich,  
Hath singled out her Comfort, brought her one  
That out-rayes Phœbus through his Horizon;  
Adorn'd with Masculine Vertues he can be:  
Should I compare him to th' Heavens; but He,

And

## The Fancies Theater

And in that He doth such ample worth; howe to b'le?  
We wane a Hauen Pen to set it forth:  
He's exquisitely rare, shoud I say more, I am affirme  
Two'd not enlarge his worth, but make me passing o'er  
In fancie: for alas, what need I tell them now but twas  
The world a Nigrie, which they know so well?  
I will conclude in prayers, not in pracie,  
Though you deserve them both, while I have dayes.  
Or minutes to unburden: may Encrease I willed  
For ever Crownc the Harvest of your Peace;  
May you live like two Angels sent from Heaven,  
To teach the world examples, and run even  
In Vertues progreffe, till your fixt time  
Claymes its prerogative, your allies armes.  
The Phenix Exequies to nothing: Why? be diuided  
Your lives exault, Perfections with you dyng,  
Nor shall our Ages after mention one,  
Without committing Sacrilegic, you gone, vileh stink  
But your Remembrance, which shall last, and bid  
The onely Phœnix to Posterite,  
Shine like the Twins of Miracles; for it's true,  
Nature comfodd with Wondor, framing you.  
Let your resplendent Relumes afford more Light,  
For Turke, Loyality than the wildest right  
Of Phœnix, pouzed from the Ocean,  
Ascends to his full Lines Meridian,  
Flourish in the blest Concord, thricie,  
And spinne your Lives into Eternitie.

## The Fancy Thread

## An Epithalamium on the happy

Nuptials of his much respected

and less friend God. The Greeks are not religious.

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Ise wanton Phœbus, leave thy am'rous play,  
And prune thy folfe, to grace this Nuptiall Day;  
Take off thy drowsie Dones; and let thine Eyes  
Appeare in Jes full heylge of Majestie.  
Let Herme in his greatest glory thine,  
And Bacchus drinke full Bowles of Helvian Wine;  
Let Love forget to playwids Ganimed,  
And Mars ongleave the Cyprian Goddessic Bed;  
With all thy Darlings, hither lie,  
And crowne our Wedding with thy compaines;  
Bring thou our Bride to Church, but leave her there;  
Nor blush now, if the charies to bed a beare  
Feares doe pessifie the tender yeares of one,  
Unapt to know th'unswining of her Zone.  
Hymen Rites finisht, let your Welcomes be vassalnes  
To grace our Bridegrome with your Companie.  
And now let chaff Desires adorne her Bed,  
Whose Blushes shewes the Dye of Maydenhead;  
Wishes and sweet content may they possestle,  
Each heart bring joy to th'other number lefle.  
Who bids Good-night unto our Bride, be dumb,  
(And sives no more) Such as shall hither come,

## The Fancy Theater

Must not bring one Nights joy alone, but force  
Their throats to reach with Echo's, till they hoarse.  
Millions of joyes attend 'em both for ever;  
May they be curs'd who shall their chaste hearts sever.

## Acrostick on the well-deserving Gentlewoman Mistris Eliz. Hill.

E night with Nature's choicest Excellencying and  
L ight to thy Sex, thou art rare Quincebluet; no  
I oves e're admired Creature, in which face it stands  
Z eale seemes to keepe account of woman's grace;  
A thousand joyes attend thee, and mayst thou  
B eaute (adorn'd with Vertue) be thy shew;  
E xquisite Creature, whose perfections by no meanes  
T ransparent to each well-discriminating eye; thine  
H eaven sends you behests of grace Mortalities,

And so debarre us Mortals of this bliss,  
Which each deserving Soule desires were his.

Acrostic

## The Fairies' Thender.

### Acrostick on Missis Marie Rashley, in regardall of her Musickall

O  
any that know you well, may think that I am  
m by affection led to flattery,  
a ising your Vertues to sublimest height,  
n hope to gaine you as my purchas'd right,  
f inflam'd by Love, all now my rale is such,  
a re Fantasy that I cannot write too much,  
s prayses due; for shoul'd any heare  
s uch Dorick Nauish, he wou'd leave his Spheare;  
H ymen wou'd boast, if you unto his Shrine  
L ove, with your Vertue, bring as Offering;  
A ach God wou'd leave his Throne, cou'd Nature frame  
T our equals to embrace them. *S. R.*

On

The Pauier Thebry.

*On his very loving friend, Mistris*

*Bridgett Recke*

B eautie with Vertue, doth enloue the store,  
R iches without those Vertues, are but poore;  
I nthee both shine, to make thy brightnesse knowne,  
D ame Natures gloriouse wondrous shew, alone;  
G rae'd with her features, and so highly exalted,  
E maculate, so be eternallit; V T H O V G U I N  
T hou peerlesse piece of Vertue, live to her  
T imes wonder, and Mans chiefe felicite,  
P rudence, the Soule of Wisedome, is in thy selfe,  
E ndu'd with all thy Graces, and theresoef  
C ourted, Vrasie in thy Brest doth finde  
K ind Zeale, the true Companion to her mind.

*To his veruoue Kinswoman, Mistris*

S. B.

I F to adore thee, were not held a sinne  
B eyond the reach of mercie, I'd begin  
T o render up my Orasons to thee,  
A nd so by custome, write thee Deitie.  
I f to admire thy Beautie, and thy Grace,  
A nd prayse the Native Liveries of thy Face,  
T ell Stories of the whitenesse of thy Brest,  
T hy Hand, thy Legge, thy Foot, and never rest,  
I ill I had made thee famous with my Pen,  
A nd rais'd thy Name in great esteeme 'mongst men;

If

## The Fancies Theater.

If with industry I sought to please; I doo dñe which w<sup>t</sup> /  
Yet thou wouldst count 'em but Hypewhol's; /  
So modest is thy faith; thou canst endure / and I can da  
No straines of wit, that seemes to be impure, /  
Or stuff with needless superstitious; has other noisid it  
The knowing fallies in some wanton one: /  
Thou art entirely vertuous; Pardon me /  
If I transgresse, speaking Ivwth's Embassie: /  
For he that's zealous, will confirme the same,  
Love blowes the fire, but you can quench the flame.

---

### An Elegie on the vertuous Gentlewoman.

Frances Dixon.

WHY smil'd the Heavens? why did Sol display  
His golden beames to grace the flow-fote Day?  
What made th' Aetheriall power so cleare the skies?  
And why did Venus scorne thy Obsequies?  
While Vesta's Darlings weiring blinde, did shew  
What true devotion to chaste coops thy o're,  
Jove did appeare, and court thee ete grim Death.  
Had pow'r to stop thy odious balsme breath:  
And hadst thou yeelded, then thy carres had bin a good w  
Enlarg'd to feast the Gods with platiures fin:  
But making sleight of s gifts; enraged hee against A  
Leaves thee to what the Destinies decree.  
Then 'tis no mervaille that the Heav'ns did smile,  
To see weake Mortalls can their hopes beguile.  
Thou mirror of true Chastity, let mee  
Pay hourely tribute, with my teares for thee.

Nec

## The Fancier Thinks

Nor think pure course as many use to do; but still dñe it  
I strive with them to shunne in faltors to new worth to Y  
Ah no, I hate is a for my inward part, yea at the bottom of  
Shall witnessse that the shouter is my hart. N  
Religion wept, and sung, and Verites score O  
Was paid in teares and fightes, her only store, world ad T  
Sending thy fable Herse homeward to blisse, m 120  
Where Chastity receives it's happiness, o 120  
And the fresh tincture of thy virgin-Tye, on a beds of red  
Shall wreath thy brow with spotless memory, wold swp  
The Gods did smile for anger, 'cause poore wee  
Enjoy'd on earth so rich a prize as thee; 3  
And in a rage have r'ane thee fro us here,  
To place thee in the Elementall Sphere.

Hucus Dux.

## On his loving friend M<sup>r</sup>. John Day

an Elegie.

D<sup>r</sup> On Phœbus now hath lost his light, 120  
And lef<sup>t</sup> his Rule unto the night to rove; 120  
And Cythine shee hath overcomee 120  
The day, and darkned the Sunne; 120  
Wherby we now have lost our hope, 120  
Of gayning Day in's Horoscope. 120  
A strange Eclipse did late arise, 120  
Where naught but blood did deck the skyes; 120  
And in that fight was thine away; 120  
Our thrice deit<sup>d</sup> resplendent day; 120  
And only Phœbe does appace, 120  
To grace the mournfull Hemisphere. 120  
With

## The Fairies' Theater.

With her dewey'd bladders, which amiss set at night make her  
Hoping with their lights to please soft seem her world. T  
The angry world; but 'tis in vain

To think their light can longer raine,  
Since their chiefe's syde is gone. A

Day: and left his Horizon.

Yet from th'East we may desory,

A new Day approaching nigh.  
To whom th'Heavens have given strength,  
And made his hours of equall length;  
Vowing that the Night shall ne're  
Displace him from his golden sphere,  
Till this Sunne begess a Sunne,  
And his Sonne another Sonne.

### Epigram 1.

Will the Perfumer, met me in the Street,  
I stood amaz'd, he askt me what I meant.  
In faith, said I, your Gloves are mighty sweet,  
And yet your breath doth cast a stronger scent.

### EBRIUS.

Ebris had long sick of a Fever bin a swind estate off  
And feeling the reward he had for sith, rov to milke  
Did freely vow unto the powers Divine,  
(But at his meat) not to drinke any wint.  
And be'ng recover'd, he began to think  
How he might keepe his vow, and safely drink.

And

## The Fancies Themen.

And wherefore he came, commanded straighr,  
That cloth and meat shod on the Table wait.

## A BRASIER.

### Epigram

Knows the Brasier and his wife fell out,  
He call'd her Slut, and so it came about.  
Slut Knave shee said, now in good fode you lye,  
With whom (quoth he?) whereat shee gan to cry,  
Reply'd; Enough; I le yeeld in such a case,  
When you are still your selfe a Brazenface.

### Epigram

A Youthfull Lad match'd with a wrinkl'd Dame,  
Whose gold did kindle in the Youth a flame;  
And being wedded, shee with teares wold say,  
I feare my Heart, that thou wilt gad astray,  
Because my time with age is almost spent,  
And cannot yeeld to Youth its full content.  
Yet prynthee Love let me this poore boone crave,  
That you on me a small respect will have.  
Feare you my love, said he? now I protest  
Thy teares have wrought impression in my brest;  
And here I vow, by Heav'n, if thou would  
Desire to eate (thou shold'st not want) my golds;  
But this I sweare, if he co'd so provoke her,  
His full intention was for to have choak'd her.

F I N I S.

## The Faerie Queene

Book the first. Of Araneus, and his  
LOVE.

### Epigrams. MARCH.

If any Soule desires to know  
How Love at first came blinde,  
Before the Peere made him so,  
The Reason now h' shall finde ;  
Which here to All I'le willingly impart,  
Love shot his eyes and stolt <sup>com'g my heart</sup>.

LIPS.

I Was in company with some or three,  
Dispos'd for Mirth, amongst us was a Lad  
Handsome enough: her Prodigality  
With frequent kissing on our lips did passe  
To one shee'd say, How do'st thou like that kisse?  
And to another (faith) thine was as sweet?  
Swearing her lips dissolv'd, the juice of blisse,  
Whiche betweene hers, and ours, did freely meet:  
Whereat, we all did laugh; I sware (quoth she)  
If you say otherwise, you lay not well;

## The Farmer's Theatre.

I will refer't to you, Sir, meaning mee :  
—Are they not mostly praye taste againe and tell.  
I did so, and reply'd, thus' much I felt,  
Eitherthy Lips, or else thy Plaizing melt.

---

## DAME SULLEN.

### Epicon 7.

Putting some questions to a Sulley Dame,  
To each of them her answer still was, well;  
The more I strove t'divert her from the same,  
The more she plaid & tie with her spin'well.  
Impertinent to my demands; at last  
Finding a way to search her folly out,  
And change her nose which formerly had past;  
I us'd my Art to bring thalame about,  
Speaking but this, *How doth thy Husband doe?*  
Shee fecht a sigh, and said, he do's but ill;  
Pardon mee Sir, for I must tell it you,  
The more's my grieve, and much against my will,  
He is so frigid growne? He has not done  
Me right, (I vow) since the half Morning-Sun.

---

### A Lawyer and his Wife.

### Epicon 8.

**A**Bottle-headed Lawyer, one of those  
**A**That leaves his Conscience in his other hole

## The Fancies Theater.

For feare of Bribing, and could never spell  
Vices into Latyn perfect well,  
Knew no more Latine, than his Clarks afford  
Him to encounter with the Kitchin-Board;  
Some stale unsavory stuffe, at second hand  
Which he will have, to never understand;  
He knowes how many lines there's in a sheet,  
How Fayres are kept, and how his Fees do meet:  
And that's enough for him, the rest must be  
Supply'd by his Clarks best industrie.  
I name no man, but there was such a one,  
Liv'd in Tricke of good Queen James, I dignitie  
This man of worth was wedded to a faire and gentle  
And comely Creature, born neare th' Northern ayre,  
By whom the Churle got wealth; yet he ne're thought  
On th' richnesse of the Jewell he had bought  
Almost with nothing; and would scarce tell  
Her Buttermilk, or Arkins from the Cow;  
Yes the poore thing with patience did endure  
All this and more, saying to her selfe, that sure  
He would one day remember, how he had  
Promis'd her often, the next Fees should clear  
Her pretty body? His Fees still came in,  
But still wish his old Note he would begin,  
The next that comes is thysse, in somme Oyle  
Thou shal walk in, or say Faw a Chirle  
Which the poore soule could haue said long agone,  
But to be briefe, the wooll was yet to grow  
Should master her cloth for Gowmes and fish like things?  
She had occasion of; each day he fynes  
One Note, and strives with words to put her by;  
Till nead had found her out a tenency.

## The Fairies Theatre

And of his *Chariot* newly come to towne  
She took up Fees, and he took up her *Gowne*

To his much esteemed friend M. John

That hatton on his Fairies Theater.

Friend, let me booring abee, I did not think  
I fill now, thidst but as Agaynes Brink.  
Though I combed o thy Genius was so frise  
At all times, that I song'd by Poetry,  
Would with my music appear unto  
The World, and Friends; something I have to doe.  
And this it is, tell thee Friend, sprynging from thy dñe  
Thou must expect no straine of Poetry,  
In too much praising, I have much I dare say  
I know thy ~~Excellency~~ ~~Excellency~~ ~~Excellency~~ ~~Excellency~~ ~~Excellency~~  
As well as ~~myself~~ ~~myself~~ ~~myself~~ ~~myself~~ ~~myself~~  
A line, but what ~~myself~~ ~~myself~~ ~~myself~~ ~~myself~~ ~~myself~~  
I've saidenough, and though I last am come  
To fill a Page, and take up Paper, come  
Yet with as free a Heart as those last lines did shew  
Of thine, I offeres as shole which ~~myself~~ ~~myself~~ ~~myself~~ ~~myself~~  
Before, thy Friendshipe done; and proud am I  
To be a Sprigge ~~amongst~~ ~~amongst~~ ~~amongst~~ ~~amongst~~ ~~amongst~~

With Gomes and *Great Sparkle*,  
Sprent ~~over~~ ~~over~~ ~~over~~ ~~over~~ ~~over~~  
Out ~~over~~ ~~over~~ ~~over~~ ~~over~~ ~~over~~  
Spred ~~over~~ ~~over~~ ~~over~~ ~~over~~ ~~over~~  
Out ~~over~~ ~~over~~ ~~over~~ ~~over~~ ~~over~~

*The Fancies Thebier.*

To the Honorable Sir John,  
Wiatour Knight, Secretary of  
State, and Master of Requests,  
to the Querres most excell-  
ent Majestie,  
The Honor'd Patron of his Book.

**T**He Vine and Figg-tree to the Gods did bring  
Their Mayden-tributes for their offering,  
In hope to purchase by their blest Decrees  
Favours that should out-lust Mans meynery,  
And to that end, plead Merit, shew that *wheat*  
(Man's nourishment) without the Grape-sick vine  
Had ne're beene thought on, nor the diumpled sunne  
Of Semile sit crownd upon his Tunne  
With the Grapes' Chaplet; then the Figg-tree too  
Boasts of her worth, shews what her strength can do  
With forraigno States, how great, how rich, how skilful  
In Languages: the Merchants Cosers find  
Partly by her large travels; how the service  
Of man is cherisht by their excellency:  
And both concluded if the Gods did please  
For a set-time to grant 'em Writs of *safe-conduct*  
From future transportation, that they might  
With more security enjoy their rights,

## *The Fairies' Thesaur.*

And be the soleſt trees of all the rest,  
That by their sacred favours ſhould be bleſt,  
They'd render duty to their Treasury,  
A full encroaſe for perpetuity,  
And add unto their uiles more than yet  
Was ſent in the Poets veiſe of wir.  
The Lawrell, Pyne, and Piplar that could ne're  
Boaſt of a happy fruit to crowne the year,  
Hearing th'other's oſtentation, thought  
There was no hopes for them, they had not brought  
Things meritorious; nor could they infer  
Large circumſtance, to make the Gods conſer  
Their choicest bleſſings on 'em, all their store  
Was in their naked ſelves, barren and poore.  
These Barren Plants doubtiſg a ſad ſuccesse,  
By reaſon of the others happineſſe,  
Would haue departed; but the pioſt Gods  
Knowing their faith was pure (how e're the odds  
'Twixt 'em in riches made the others bee  
In more reſpect with Worldlings,) did agree  
(For ſome reſerv'd conditions) to ſupply  
Their poore deſerts by gracious clemency.  
The Vine and Fig-tree ſtraightway heruau  
Stole from the Preſery, ſham'd at what they'd done;  
Those that were wretched trees of late, are now  
By the Gods Patronage and gentle broun,  
Made happy, and ſhe onely trees that be  
Held famous, for their ſingularity.  
The Moral's mine fir; green ones favour men  
Of meane quality, not for deſerts they pen  
Them meriting Chariſtes, but in favouring them  
They give them all their worth, eftyme, and jem.

## The Fancies Theater.

So the refelction from your Honours eye,  
On this weake pece, will ave base Cruell ;  
And so secure my freedom, that I may  
(Soaring above their spieces) your Will obey.

### To a Gentlewoman having beene scat- ter'd by some.

Grieve not deare Mistresse; faults that are undone,  
If but suspected, might as well be done  
Mongst soules of no capacity, that draw  
An envious breath, nor ral'd by Reasons laws;  
They may more safely tax the Gods of sin,  
Than the composed strictesse y'ave liv'd in.  
Who rather are the Patronesse of Truth,  
Spending in broken sights your pretious youth :  
Than one that gives way to those loose desires  
Our giddy Youth are prone to; such quick fires  
Ne're boyld your innocent blood, nor in your brest  
Did e're impure thoughts discompose your self ;  
You ne're were drest like th'gandy Queene of May,  
Swimming through th'streets in Coaches to a play ;  
Nor did you ever weare in your faire looks  
Lascivious glances, Lusts intangling hooks :  
You never kept your bed to use your wit,  
To ape a fashion, which to patterne it  
Would puzzle all the Taylors save the French.  
O fairest Mistresse, would my teares might quench  
The flauour of your sorrow ; I know you free  
From this black, false, unheard of calumny,

## The Faerie Theat'r.

Or each particular Page or line that may  
Admit of blurtcs to wrong thee, or decay  
The least of thy perfections ; Think not then  
It lyes in th'malice of the devil or men  
To staine thine Innocence, whose unsport'd zeale  
Only to Heaven, not to the World appeal'd.  
There you are fixt a Saint already : why  
Then you'd waste your selfe so penitively ?  
These scandalls wound you riot, they'll heavy fall  
On their owne heads, whose weight will sink 'em all,  
Temper your crosses Mistresse, be more milde  
To your faire selfe, than valuely thus to strive  
Against your Natures sweetnesse, and impose  
Such cruelty on your selfe. Malice that shlowes  
Her venome at you, if I doe not erre,  
Shall with't be her owne executioner :  
So did the spotless Damsell suffer wrong,  
By the sinne-plotting Elders ; but e're long  
Heaven did acquit her : And so Heaven pure Maid  
Doth acquit thee from this aspettion laid.  
So have I seen a fierce oppressing cloud,  
With an intent bright Cymbias light to shroud  
Under its sable wings, in triumph stay  
For a set space, then dally move away,  
When with a sudden motion shee'd appear  
Bright as her selfe, yet to our eyes more cleare  
Then formerly shee was : so is't with thee  
Whom Envie left in deepe obscurity.  
But now shing forth, thy blithous beames display,  
And make our night seeme a continual day.

The Fancies' Descri.

A Way on a Gentlewoman's

arme.

What's that so neere your skin ally'd  
and will not thence,  
His head is in your colours dy'd  
without offence.  
His perfect red and white hath mixt,  
so long with your pure blood he's fixt,  
and will not part  
Without much trouble to your heart;  
but why  
D'you hide it now, and set a Dye  
upon your cheeks,  
As being bashfull, cause it seeks  
the light,  
It cannot fare appeare more white  
than on your arme;  
Nor weare a better coat of red,  
Than your chaste blood hath mingled  
most sweet and warme;  
So Strawberries suck the gentle streame  
Of fresh and most delitious Creame.

To

The Famous Thorne.

To one professing and swearing love  
to all Womans.

**T**is not Love thy pulses beat,  
But the Itch of base desire,  
Whose impure unlawfull heat  
Sets both *fist* and *feale* on fire.

*Love* delights not in thise things  
Which *disgrace* and *rash* bring,  
*Love* is figur'd as a *Child*,  
Emblem of pure *Innocence* :  
*Passionate*, but *undesir'd*,  
*Zealous*, without *a presence*.

*Love* doth carry in his eye  
*Constant flames* that never dye.  
*Love*'s not subject unto *change*,  
Nor doth *his* affection move,  
Where time-pleasing *Fancies* range  
*Epicures* with *freedom* prove;

'Tis not to each face that's faire,  
*Hee* doth his *allegiance* bear.  
Nor is't Oathes that make a *Lover* :  
\* Flying yowes to ev'ry fles  
May intemperate *lust* discover,  
Where consuming follies bee.  
*Love* is simple of himselfe,  
And respects nor praise, nor pale.  
*Love*'s not gaide unto *fear*  
By the Tongues deceiving Are.

Rapam

## *The Fancies Thauer.*

sutures that intrane the eare.

What he covets, is the Heart,

On the which her doth display

Beames farre clearer than the day.

At Lovers sacred Altar lies

Hearts as stainlesse as the Dove,

Musall in their sacrifice

To the parity of love,

Which with Nupgall kisses smother,

Growing flames in one another.

Then if thou intend'st to ayme

At a Lovers part, be just;

Punish that destroys the same,

Prick thy swelling veyne of Lust,

Let thy rank pollution run,

Hee'l adopt thee then hisonne,

While thou seek'st to please thy eye,

Never hope to taste true blisse,

When the appetite doth fry,

Surfeits so, it pleasures misles;

For the blest desire of Love,

?s by inspiration from above.

---

## *A Song to the picture of a Lover in his absence.*

Come, oh come away my Deare,

Let me not for ever languish:

Left I buy my joyes too deare;

Sighs my tender Heart will vanquish;

*The Fancies Theater.*

For thee I have out-watch'd the night,

While angry starres did read my story,  
And silver Cynthia hid her light,

As envying at my wight-for glory;  
When thus upon thy lips I plaid,

Making a soft impression there,  
The jealous Goddess then dismait,

For her Endymion, left her spheres;  
And ever since hath harboured here.

*Seeing a Gentlewoman making her  
ready in a window.*

VVhat new light's yon that breaks and wraps me  
Into a world of wonder, excellency  
Discypher'd to the life; some good protect  
My eyes lest they transgress; I could affect  
Each amorous glance or gesture she bestowes  
On the reflecting Flatterer, how she throwes  
Odours 'gainst odours, and her snow-white hands  
Distilleth oyle of Roses, she commands  
The Sunnes retirement, and for him does light  
My Fancie to rare objects infinite.  
See, see the Twins of Miracle, her Breasts  
Whiter than new fapse snow the spycie Nests,  
And Pillowes for Loves lips to rest upon!  
Now she disrobes her night-clthes, now goes on  
Her rich Carnation sattin to intice  
Men to forsake their hope of Paradice.

DeLusion

## The Fancies Theater.

elusion, vanish ; doe not think to win  
from that blisse I have possession in,  
bough my Clarinda's lost, I will not be  
allured with thy vyle immodesty.  
my skin though white shall ne're infect my eyes,  
it staine my cheeks with blusshes, nor surprize  
thought of mine ; no Counterfeit, I doe  
shorre thy actions and thy colours too ;  
I'll not yet leave to allure me by that power  
wells in my Mistresse name, I doe conjure  
y absence from that casement which lets in  
ought but the straggling sunniness of sin :  
be art thou slunk away, had her pure name  
effident skill to make thee know thy shame,  
nd now in some obscure anhallowed place  
you pin'st (unpitied) at thy owne disgrace.  
Upon me dearest Mistresse, that I have  
ade use of your blest name as ayde to lye  
e, from the errors I was leaning to  
nd heretick-like forgot my faith in you.

## Tobacco Mysse.

## The Fancies Theater.

In expectation of a dish  
Of Salmon; 'cause a Princely fish.

I cannot dwell on such delayes,  
Or stay in hope of Halcyon dayes;  
If I possess my pleasures now,  
No happier dayes will I allow.

Why should I hope for things to come,  
That may be had with ease of some;  
So triflic precious time away  
For empty hopes, and fruitlesse play?

Because y'are something faire, must I  
Wait your coy leisure to reply,  
When with some other long e're this,  
I might have felt a Lovers blisse?

I can as well content my sens,  
With one of lesser excellencie  
That's not so nice, nor will debate  
The time, when we should attaine.

I'm earnest (Mistris), and must try  
(If you refuse) a rounde  
Else-where; you know that youthfull blood  
Consumes it selfe, whilest wihtfood.

Then quickly let me know your minde,  
Delayes are childrens play; be kind  
As you are faire, and let's possesse  
Our loves, and pleasures number leste.

### The Parties That Are;

A Cherry gather'd in the Spring,  
Is a choice Present for a KING;  
Those that till August hang, you know  
Are rotten, and then cannot grow.

Those Roses too that have desire  
To dwell still with their mother Bryer,  
Must at the last (though let alone)  
Fall off themselves, since over-ground.

The Cherry and the Rose would be  
Of little value, did not we  
For novelty sake, allow them good,  
Their worth would scarce be understand.

Women had long since lost their sense,  
Had not wee men reviv'd the same.  
You might like things neglected lye,  
As uselesse, were not men you nigh.

Then think on this, and let us prove  
There is no joy on earth but Love,  
That every simple Lass may find  
(As we did) fire of subtle kind.

Those foolish Girls that feels a heat,  
Their ~~bold~~ <sup>bold</sup> blisse dare not repeat;  
When they by us know what to doe,  
They'll banish feare, and fall to woe.

And so by our example, they  
That have beene fiddling, will obey;

And

## The Fancies Theater.

And Girles that stay 'till fifteene, will  
Repeng the time they spent so ill.

All sorts of people from the age  
Of twelve to thirty shall preface  
Our happynesse, and joyously come  
To crowne our Lewes.

## Meeting a piece of Mortality

val d.

VNvale thy selfe, and shine as bright  
As flame by day, or flares by night.  
What pitty 'tis to hide a faire de l'ivore now can be  
Enriched with such a crutchy grace!

Thy Haire like Hemlocks carelesse fall,  
To deck thy amorous eyes with all,  
A sierie as the evening, where  
We read the next day will be faire.

Thy curious forehead to us shew,  
Where Catbuncles in number grow; But the beauties of thy Nose  
Would fright a man out of his clothes.

To dance a naked round delay,  
When on th' Tobacco Pipe you play;  
And the pale brightness of thy lips  
Would force the Sunne to an eclipse.

L.A.

Th

## The Fancies Theater.

Thy *cheeks* of fat and foggy stuffe,  
Like th' running Dropſie, ſwell and puffe :  
But oh ! the Apples on 'em grow,  
I think were roten long agoe.

Thy pretious neck and breſts diſplay  
Thy ſkins antiquity, for they  
Like a *dri'd dungbill*, chop and break,  
Untill thy ſnowt begins to leak.

Thy parched firſt defie the Sunne ;  
For all the malice *he* hath done ,  
Cann't change thy hyde, nor any ſayne  
Corrupt it, for it's dy'd in grayne.

Thy ſpacious belly and thy waſte,  
Have greafe ſufficiently to baſte.  
A Heard of *Swine*, the' have ſuch a ſtore,  
A *Sbambles* cannot purchase more.

Thy Thighes like two *Coloſſes* ſeeme  
Proportion'd, with thy *bodies* Teeme,  
And thoſe which beare thy *pindarsus Britch*,  
Are mighty Columns full of itch.

But ſome that have thy Hoofes elpy'd,  
With feare the fooles fell downe and dy'd ;  
Yet all this while I have forgot,  
Thy *Tongue* as ſtill as Cannon-shot.

All parts of thine I cann't diſplay,  
The rest unſcene, the Devil may.

## The Pancies Theater.

Thou art the Wonder of this age,  
And wantest nothing, but a Cage.

Which thou in time, maist purchase too,  
If that the Beadle will but doe :  
Then come and joyn thy Vice with me,  
Blesse Nature for her Prodigie.

---

### To his Friend upon saying his Mistresse was not faire.

WHY do'st thou think my Mistresse is not faire,  
Because shee is not as most Women are,  
Unprofitably proud, nor will admit  
Of scorne, to tart the sweetnesse of her wit,  
'Cause shee in actions (most irregular  
To Loves choice Edis) will not, will prefer  
Above her Reason, nor was ever knowne  
To boast of Beauty, mordacious was her owne ;  
Shee's not precisely coy, nor yet too free  
In her bestowing Favours, but to me.  
She never us'd a Dram of Vicious Art  
To take mans eye, and afterwards his Heart.  
Shee needs no Ivory Teeth, no Spanish Red,  
Or Powders of Inticement: she is sped  
In Natures Properties; let it suffice  
I love her, 'cause she loves not a Disguise.  
*Disdaine* did ne're usurp her EYES Brow,  
Nor does she tip her language with a Thow

## The Fancies Theater.

In base derision; her sweet *Lensity*  
With her Minds object shares of *Purity*.  
Greece glori'd much of *Helens* beauteous *Rayes* ;  
But *Troy* lamented more at the *decays* .  
And *ruine* follow'd it. Do st think that I  
Governe my *actions* solely by my eye ;  
Beauty is but a Garment us'd to hide  
Some imperfection, which if once espi'd  
Discretion bids us shun ; then't may appear.  
Beauty with *Virtue* seldome do's coheare ;  
But where th'are *Relatives*, 'tis so much rare,  
That Beauty is Divinely singular,  
And merits much ; yet let my Mistresse be  
Black as a *Crow*, she seemes a *Swan* to me ;  
She's not defam'd, nor curtail'd of that shape  
Nature bestowes on any, your Court-Ape  
Is not contented with, and to appear  
More *excellent*, will buy their *Painting* deare,  
Which on their *cheeks* lyes thick, to shew their store  
Like parched Walls new whiten'd, Oker'd ore,  
Was not her *face* I courted, but th' refin'd  
Inestimable *Jewell* of her minde.  
She has within her that which can declare  
A soule sufficient to create her faire ;  
And her conditions sweetnesse to each eye  
Appeares th'Appendix where felicity  
Doth sit enthron'd ; All these *perfections* dwells  
In her alone, Humanity excells,  
And is so much Divine, her firme faith can  
Translate to *immortality* fraile man,  
Punish thy errors friend, and that I may  
Assure my selfe I art penitent, obey .

H h 2

By

## *The Fancies Theater.*

By thy subscribing, that 'tis onely shee  
Impoy'd on earth for our eternity.

---

### *A Prologue spoken upon removing of the Fortune Players to the Bull.*

WHO would rely on Fortune, when *she's* knowne  
An enemy to Merit, and hath shewne  
Such an example here? Wee that have pay'd  
Her tribute to our losse, each night defray'd  
The charge of her attendance, now growne poore,  
(Through her expences) thrusts us out of doore  
For some peculiar profit, shee has ta'ne  
A course to banish Modesty, and retaine  
More dinn and incivility than both hath been  
Knowne in the Bearward, *Court the Beargarden.*  
Those that now sojourne with her, bring a noysse  
Of Rables, Apple-river and Chimney-boyes,  
Whose shrill confused Echoes loud doe cry,  
Enlarge your *Camions*, Wee hate *Privacie*.  
Those that have plots to undermine, and strive  
To blow their Neighbours up, so they may thrive,  
What censure they deserve, wee leave to you,  
To whom the judgement on't belongs as due.  
Here Gentlemen, our Anchor's fixt; And wee  
(Dissaining Fortunes mutability)  
Expect your kinde acceptance; then wee'l sing  
(Protected by your smiles our ever-spring)  
As pleasant as if wee had still possest  
Our lawfull Portion out of Fortunes brest:

## *The Fancies Theater.*

Only wee would request you to forbear  
Our wonted custome, banding Tyle or Peare,  
Against our customes to allure us forth.

e la  
Praytake notice these are of more Worth,  
Are Naples silk, nor Wurstead; we have ne're  
In Act o'ur here has mough enough to teare  
Language by th' eares; this forlorne Hope shall b  
y lls refin'd from such grosse injury.  
And then let your judicious Loves advance  
To our Merits, them to their Ignorance.

---

## *To a Vow-breaker leaving this land.*

Goe perjur'd Wanton, and invite  
With thy forg'd Language for a night,  
The eares of thy new-fangled Mate,  
Knowledge of thee begets a hate.

Goe, and with thee take all the sin  
Thy Sexes frailty have liv'd in  
Since Adams fall; for thou art worse  
Than Eve, or serpents, Mans chiefe curse.

What dire pretence, what fained cause  
Has made thee violate Loves lawes,  
And all those vowes which once to me  
Thou mad'st before his Deity.

### *The Fancies Theater.*

What strange eclipse is in thy Youth,  
Which once did shine as cleare as Truth  
In her best lustre, to my eye,  
For it could not thy Faith discry ?

Has some new flame possest thy blood,  
Which will consume, if not withstanded,  
Thy soules chiefe portion, and strive  
To make thy shame alone survive ?

Or did the niceenesse of my love  
From those immodest Acts which move  
Perhaps in some, beget in thee  
A thought of such impiety ?

Some sencelesse Wretch that never knew  
Lusts debts, and th' payments that ensue,  
Tis likely, has to please his sence,  
Deflour'd thy Beauties excellencye.

And thou made stupid with his praise,  
Regardlesse how thy Youth decayes,  
By thy intemp'rare VVill, dost run  
A course without Religion :

Tend'reng to His unlawfull suit,  
Each day that blest forbidden fruit,  
VVhich Heav'n did give thee, and ordain'd  
Thy Prayers should have kept unstain'd.

How are our Beauties happy made,  
That thou hast left thy Native shade

## The Fancies Theaser.

To wander to th' Iberian Coast,  
Where thou may'st of thy falsoenesse boast?

Hadst thou continu'd longer here,  
Some strange infection we might feare;  
Our Beauties would have drawne from thee.  
Thou banisht, they from it are free.

Each creature now with fresh desire,  
May safely warme 'em at Loves fire,  
And not suspect those flames unjust  
To us'd, consuming Hearts to dust.

Do'st think fond VVoman, by thy flight,  
To bide thy shame from the quick sight  
Of thy owne conscience? it alone  
Shall be thy Guilt's companion:

VVhich shall surround thy spotted brest  
VVith such black thoughts, that if exprest  
Either by Pen, or else by Breath,  
VVould fright a timorous Maid to Death.

The gentle winds that now appear,  
Milde as the breath of Lambs, shall bears  
Upon their wings in furious rage,  
Thy Crimes to ev'ry Forraigne Stage.

The talding bushes in the Groves,  
Shall tell the Story of our Loves:  
VVhich well observ'd, they'l all conspire  
VVith Lightning, and consume with fire.

## The Fancies Theatir.

Both thee and thy Familiar, so  
Unlock'd for my revengē will grow,  
And thy example will so strike  
In some, they'l feare to doe the like.

Thou canst not passe by Brook or Spring,  
But bearing their soft murmuring,  
Thy conscious soule will guesse that straight  
It whispers thy unhappy Fate.

Goe where thou wilt, and use thy charmes,  
To circle *him* within thy armes ;  
Thou for a time will doe on, then  
Returne unto thy Fate agen.

Tis past my Creed, to think that you  
Now false to me, can long be true  
To him : for why? new faces breed  
New appetites, whereon to feed.

Had he each various way to please,  
And held a surfeit no disease ;  
Yet that thy custome still may swell,  
Thoul't mix, though with some *Infidell*.

His faith with thine may best agree,  
There's such a fatall sympathy  
In your affections, every part  
Resembles *this*, when *hearts* in *hearts*.

Thea take my counsell and possesse  
Some uncouth shaggy *Wilderneſſe*.

### *The Fancies Theater.*

There take *Plantation*, and be *wise* ;  
But wanting *faith*, all *faire* despise.

There mingle *limbs*, and *procreate*  
Some *Prodigy* may ruine *Fate* ;  
So keepe those dangers off, which they  
Intend shall be thy Youths decay,

And suddenly will fall on thee,  
For this thy vilde *Apostacie*,  
Which a Nuns penance cannot call  
Merit, & purchase *Mercie* withall.

Thy travailing friend when he does finde  
Thy want of *faith*, to the next *Windo*  
Will beg a whastage, to be rid  
Of thee, which sacred lawes forbidd

Conversing with; thy sinnes are growne  
So soule, they needs must be thy owne  
For perpetuity; then hee  
Is mad that stayes to share with *thee*.

When throughly thou haft div'd into  
Thy owne defacts, 'twill puzzle you  
To hope forgivenesse, when you see  
With blushes your deformity,

And every spot which will declare  
Thee black as night, though once as faire  
As Summers noone-tyde in her pride,  
Thou wert as neare to Heaven ally'd?

## *The Fancies Theater.*

Had'st thou not lost that Essence, which  
By faith all Women doth enrich,  
And play'd away at one poore vye  
Thy soules entire security.

Thou which hast so profusely spent  
Thy Youth, and Beauties Ornament,  
Canst hope to live, 'till age doth pour,  
Upon thy head a silver shour?

Or if those hopes may have successe,  
Thou that hast tafted the exceſſe  
Of pleasures, canſt thou looke to have  
More comfort than th' infatiate Grave?

Our present pleasures vade away,  
But thoſe to come will ne're decay,  
Reserv'd in Heaven; be not remifie  
In ſeeking (then) ſuch future bliſſe.

Farewell, And when that thou haſt ta'ne  
A full ſurvey of what I faint  
Will follow:  
For all my wrongs, but teach thy eye  
To ſhed a teare; and fo' will I.

## The Fancies Theater.

To a Gentlewoman being fearfull upon the wa-  
ter, by reason of the roughness of it.

WHY doe you tremble faire one, why has feare  
Displanted the best Beauties of the yere  
From their warme beds your cheeks? what? does the sight  
Of the rough waves your timorous heart affright,  
Cause in the conflict with the boisterous wind,  
You doubt they'l to your passage be unkinde?  
Let not such thoughts invade you, though the skie  
Is with th'unruly flood in Mutinity:  
Yet your firme fust is of sufficient power,  
To calme the greatest tempest, in an houre,  
Should they mix elements, and every blast  
From the contentious North threaten a waste  
To the distemper'd waster, so afflict  
The Universe with terror, wee'd direct  
Our motions o're 'em, where our Boat shall play  
As free as when an East wind guides the way;  
Then be more confident of your owne worth,  
While we as Pradiges admir'd, launch forth.  
Mistake me not, 'tis not a selfe-conceit  
Of my deserts, kindles in me this heat  
Of resolute boldnesse, but 'tis in you  
To whom all Attributes of worth are due.  
Under your blest protection I shall be  
Fixt as a Rock, that scornes their injury.  
Doe you observe, as soone as you appeare,  
How they retreat as glad to see you here,

To

## The Fancies Theater.

To end their difference, Boreas does retire  
To use his force t'encrease the Cyclops fire.  
Now with an amorous breath begins to move  
The golden trammells of your haire to love,  
Now mildly steales a kisse ; it's no sin to say  
He courts you as his faire Orybia.  
The waves have smooth'd their wrinkles to, and doe  
(Learning by Boreas in what forme to wooe)  
With smiling aspect seeke to re-invite  
You from your feares, to note how they delight  
To bear your blessed waight, and while they skip  
For joy, the sunne is playing with your lip,  
All Rivals in such blisse, the stremes dash in,  
Wantonly kisse your garments, not your skin :  
That as a thing forbidden, they adore,  
But dare not touch as warn'd from it before :  
They're all officious safely to convey  
Ys to the place we looke for, while sad they  
Mourne for your absence, each dissolve to teares,  
So drownc themselves for drowning you with feares.

---

## To his friend, advising him from Love.

WHEN to my faire Clarinda I gave breath,  
My expectation was not present death,  
Her unjust doome on me, nor did I looke  
For such a change that had some freedome tooke  
In her Hyperbolas. All that have scene  
Her Beauty, and my Praises would have beeene ;

## The Fancies Theater.

My witnessse 'gainst her, how much I deserv'd  
In her best thoughts, whose studies had preserv'd  
Her Name unto eternall, had not shee  
Discover'd her whole sexes infamie  
By her revolt, that my enforced Pen  
(Against its Nature, us'd for somers when  
I call'd her Mine) did characterize her shame  
Blacker than Ink could make it for the flame.  
My vitalls once possest, when it did know  
Hers was declining, would not stronger grow,  
But by degrees extinguish't, else 'twould prove  
Our paines injustice, motives not of Love.  
Had'st thou but knowne her Will, thou would'st have said  
Shee was a pretty, handsome, well-fac'd Maid,  
Though not endu'd with those perfections I  
Did boast of to the World; Poets may lye  
As well as seeming Prophets, for what shée  
Enjoy'd 'bove Natures bounty , shad from mee,  
My lines at first did pollish every Limb ;  
But pencilling her heart, my eyes grew dim ;  
Both Pen and Fancie fail'd me, I gave o're,  
Finding her heart stain'd with the leprosous sore  
Of base deceipt, and left her with that poore  
Implicite Beauty which shee had, before  
My versell had nourisht it; what cans't expect  
For all thy service, more than such neglect ?  
Should'st thou make ev'ry line swell with conceit,  
And sing her praises in each Epithite;  
Yet thy reward at last will be like mine.  
Oh frien' ! all wyomens Fancies doe decline  
With hours and minutes, and the greatest blisse  
Poore Man can hope for, is but in a kisse

The

## The Fancies Theater.

The shadow of content, which having got,  
It fires his fault, and yet it pleaseth not.  
Why should wee make an *Idol* of a face  
Of the same mould as ours, and add a grace  
To't by our Homages; so enthrall our eye,  
When Heavens and Nature gives it liberty.  
What though the strange Ideas of our minde,  
Transforme our thoughts to every shape and kind:  
That wee approve that best that's worst of evils,  
Hold Women *Saints*, cause some are glorious devils?  
Shall wee perfis, committing sacrilege  
'Gainst Heavens and goodnessse, give them priviledge  
'bove mother Nature, make that hand'cause white  
A miracle? that eye'cause cleare and bright.  
The Deity I worship, so prophane  
Heavens purity and leave a lasting staine  
On our discretion, make a foolish toy,  
A paper to be plaid with, our chiefc joy  
And best of hopes, looting all the pride  
Rests in true manhood, and our youth beside,  
For one, fram'd our inferiour, the weake thing  
Of peevish woman, which in mentioning  
Declares their first creation, and from whence  
They doe derive (forsooth) their Excellence?  
What pleasure is't to dally with the Fair  
Of thy fine Mistresse, or be lessie a man,  
And kisse her Glove, gaine from her eyes a glance,  
That may thy easie heart a while entrance,  
Featurg with golden hopes thy giddy youth,  
Hanging Dispaire upon the heeles of Truth?  
Their Loves are like ones breath on purest Steele,  
No sooner on, but off, they never feele

## The Fancies Theater.

Nor understand affection ; what we call  
Mistrie's a thing most prejudiciale,  
To our humanity, howe e're it seeme,  
A precious object in our eyes esteeme,  
Wee gaze on it as th' Porcupine on th' starres,  
Till Ruine overtakes us in the Warres.  
We hold with our owne errors, and should wee  
Enjoy this new set up Idolatry,  
Our States were yet uncertaine, for they shill  
Would have some fetch to satiate their will.  
*They are infirme in loyalty, and bee*  
*Like th' golden Apples hanging on the tree*  
*O're Tantalus, which if but toucht, will fall*  
*Straight into ashes, so that little All*  
*Of good in Women is compounded so;*  
*The least breath of temptation they'l yeeld to.*  
*There is so many sleights us'd by vilde Woman,*  
*That th' custome (like themselves) is now grown common.*  
*They can instruct their eyes to weepe, when they*  
*Like Crocadiles are readiest to betray*  
*Our lives to eminent danger; they doe make*  
*Love break knots of bushes, which in twisting breakes,*  
*The sweets they give us, treacherously assymer,*  
*To stifle up our sensess with Perfumes.*  
*If we from Gall can extract Honey, then*  
*It may produce such Vertues. Simple men*  
*Aptly may credit : but beleev me Friend,*  
*Those that are bad, their Mistbeifes have no end,*  
*They are to theire affections so unjust,*  
*They banish chaste Love to comply with Lust.*  
*I have bin long a Scholler in Loves Schoole,*  
*Experience made me a Proficient foole,*

The Fancies Theater.

I know the desperate effects ensue  
This apish love; and would advertise you  
(As one that friendship and your knowing merit  
Has fasten'd in a cordiall tye) inherit  
(Deare Sir) that blessed freedome which the name  
Of *worth* in *Man* can challenge, temper th' flame  
You have receiv'd : let your female creature  
(Knowes how to work upon so good a Nature).  
Take you up wholly, so your friends to be  
Deptiv'd of whst they love, Your company  
Which they hold pretious to 'em gentle Sir.  
Let not your course runne so irregular :  
But limit so your passion, that we may,  
Despight of *Loue* or *Venus*, have a day,  
Or two, or three to consecrate to mirth,  
And give our hopes in *you* a second birth.  
You that are one that shares in all the parts  
Of Natures blessings, and sublimist Arts,  
*You* that know *all*, that *Man* should know, is *good*,  
As worthy in your actions as by *blood*.  
Of your prime Ancestors, you that justly can  
Instruct in knowledge the illiterate *Man*  
By exact rule; be so much now your selfe,  
And let your judgement banish th' scury Elfe,  
Your too much doting Love, a *thing* that none  
But fooles and mad-men will be seene to owne :  
Dorage is incident to yeares fourscore ;  
But you as yet have not seene twenty four :  
It dulls the sence, and stupifies the wit,  
And to reside with them it is most fit.  
I know thy wit's as active as the fire,  
And subtil as the ayre. Kill that desire

## *The Fancies Theater.*

Would lift thee 'mongst such Idiots, I know  
A nobler way than that for thee. Then goe  
Unto thy Study, see how ruinate  
It's growne, and through thy absence desolate.  
See how thy Bookes lye speechlesse, how they mourne  
(Like true observants) till thy sweet retorne.  
And see what Randevous the ~~Reas~~ have made;  
Here lyes a member of an Iliade,  
Compacted once, was *Homer*: Now it lyes  
Unto their spoile an humble Sacrifice.  
Correct these faults my friend, and thou shalt see,  
That childish *Love*'s not worth thy *Libarie*.  
But I have div'd too deepe, and may suspect  
(Your Temper being mov'd) you will correct  
Me as the rest, taking on me a task  
Which may be doubtfull to you; yet I'lle ask,  
No mercie from you; what I've done, 'tis fit  
You should conceive was zeale, so tender it.

---

*To the truly vertuous and his much honour'd  
Lady, the Lady Lanc S.  
an Ode.*

You, that are shee  
Which every woman ought to be,  
The glory of our age;  
Whose sweet demeanour shewes a noble  
Where *Love* and *Virtue* flowers,  
Where *Beauty* and *Delight* doth dwell,  
We cannot finde your Parallelles elsewhere.  
In all this Terren stage.

*The Virtues Theater.*

You that are free  
Whose *youth* is from corruption free,  
My Fancie dare uphold.  
Were there more such as you,  
T<sup>r</sup>oublous Actions true,  
Men need not feare to say they did  
Possesse some *beau*ty *treasure*, hid  
E're since the age of gold.

You that are free  
*Compos'd of Nature's Rarity.*  
Cherries in *winter* grow  
Upon your *lips*, which tell  
How much you doe excell  
The *Summer's* pride: but on your brest  
The *Phoenix* bulks her spicid nest,  
Without dissolving snow.

You that are free,  
The *top*-*branch* of that glorious tree,  
for *Pious* *aft'reward*,  
Departed hence, but are  
Each of them fixt a flotte  
In Heavens bright firmament, while you  
Inherit here as your just due  
*Honor* with *Virtue* crown'd.

You that are free,  
*Distinguis'h can formality*  
From needless pride; when wee  
Secke for some beauteous face,  
Adorn'd with *swift* *Grace*.

*A Lady*

## The Fancies Theater.

A Lady that's so well englind,  
Shee beares a Seraphinian minde;  
Whose sacred Meditations to us shew,  
Shee's markt a Saint, wee need not farther goe;  
For you are onely shee.

---

To the right Worshippfull Sir I.B. K. upon  
encouraging him in Poetry.

MY Muse as cold as clay, from your quick Rayes  
Promethean like grew Mischaline, her Bayes  
Receiv'd a freshnesse, your ~~other~~ <sup>inner</sup> all fire  
Ranne through her faculties 'till her desire  
Met with my wishes jointly to begin  
Our vices to you; yet stay; it were a sin  
Should shee omit your Lady, and your Race,  
The perfect figures of the sum of Grace.  
And honour'd Sir, to you, whose powerfull ~~acts~~  
Merits above the Demities of man:  
You that are great in goodness, whose blest Fate  
Makes you a Pillar of this Britishe state:  
May you be free from sorrow, free from care,  
That may disturb your quiet, to declare  
You onely mortall. May you live to see  
A Neftors age in blest felicity.  
May you continue ever in that seat  
Your merits, and not Fortune, have made great,  
May you enjoy your wishes full content,  
To crowne your latter dayes till they are spent.

## The Fancies Theater.

May you embrace a Fathers comfort, by  
Your children in successfull Progress,  
May they in it be happy, and may health  
Purchase the keeping you, and your just wealth  
From others deprivation, may Extraste  
For ever crowne the Harvest of your peace.

---

### A Sigh.

Post happy sigh upon the wings  
Of some blest Cherubin that sings  
Continuall Anthems in the Quire  
Of Heaven, there finish thy desire.  
Thou wert not borne for the poore use  
Of Mistresse, but my fasses abuse ;  
And 'tis not fit thou shouldest endure  
A mixture with this ayre impure ;  
Thou drew'st thy breath from me, and art  
The issue of a contrite heart.  
As Mothers, e're their time be runne,  
With anguish bring a breathlesse sonne  
Into the world; so I did thee,  
With griefe and unfain'd misery.  
Th'art of as little use, unlesse  
Thy Innocence can winne access  
To enter heavens eares ; wee need  
Some Cherubin to intercede  
For us ; expence wee need not fear,  
Bribes have no power to enter there:  
Or if thou doubt'st (because but one)  
Thou canst not well expresse a groane,

Nor

## *The Fancies Theat'r.*

Nor justly plead for mercie, I  
Will send thee Legions more shall buy  
My soule from death, When all agree  
To fill the heauens with Harmony.

---

### *To his friend J. W. a Meditation.*

D<sup>I</sup>ld wee consider rightly what a store  
Of imperfections waites to ruine man  
From's infancie to's grave; Vice makes a sore  
Upon his soule incurable, that can  
Precipitate his glories to th' *Abyss*,  
Once banisht from the *Paradise* of Bliss.  
His first breath is a cry, His last a groane;  
Yet happy in that groane, if hee dy'd well,  
Angels shall wait his soule's ascension, none  
Of *Vertues* instruments but shall excell  
In joy each other, that mans penitence  
Has brought him to that place of excellency.  
Th'unbridled Youth giving his folly raines,  
Disclaimes all councell that his errors show,  
Untill a second mischefe binds in chaines  
The giddy Cole, and then he findes his woe.  
All that his Parents left him once consum'd,  
He will appeare a Peacock, but unplum'd.

卷之三

I am 45. Doctor of law  
and best of all you go I will bring the  
Court in like myself, when you come to me

77. I have seen  
the place.

1

[2.]

LOVE  
**GROWNES**  
THE END.

---

A PASTORALL  
PRESENTED BY  
THE SCHOLLEES OF  
BINGHAM in the County of  
*Nottingham*, in the yeare  
1632.

---

Written by *Io. Tatham Gent.*

---

*Sed opus docere virtus.*

---

LONDON:  
Printed by I.N. for RICHARD BEST,  
and are to be sold at his Shop neare  
Grayes-Inne-gate in Holborne.  
1640.

## The Prologue.

**V**OU starres of Honour, brighter than the day,  
Or new rais'd Phœbus in his mornynge Ray;  
As rich in Wisedome as in Vertues rare,  
Accept the choicest dish our wits prepare,  
As a thid course to please your eye, which still  
Covets to have of novelties its fill.  
We have not bundled up some Kickshawes here  
To bid you welcome; Wee doe hate such geere.  
Our brains' p<sup>t</sup>he Kitchin, and our wit's the meat,  
Preparis to which, wee bid you eat,  
If lik't, if not refrain't ; you judges fit  
To damne or save our noyse or ripend wit:  
So rest upon your goodnessse; if you frowne,  
Our poore endeavours then are troden downe.

Love

YOND Y<sup>t</sup> RICHARD P<sup>r</sup>Y<sup>t</sup> for RICHARD P<sup>r</sup>Y<sup>t</sup>  
S<sup>t</sup>RENG<sup>t</sup> RICHARD P<sup>r</sup>Y<sup>t</sup> for RICHARD P<sup>r</sup>Y<sup>t</sup>  
RICHARD P<sup>r</sup>Y<sup>t</sup> for RICHARD P<sup>r</sup>Y<sup>t</sup>

Love crownes the end.

*A Grove discover'd, and in  
an obscure corner thereof Cliton*

*as being asleepe.*

*To him Alexis.*

*ALEXIS.*

**H**OW still the morning is, as if it meant  
To steale upon us without Times consent,  
And pry into my errors. I have beeene  
Searching in every Thicket, Wood, and Greene  
To finde my Lamb, and many dolefull cryes  
Enter'd my eares e're day. What's this that lyces  
In such an obscure place, where none scarce tread,  
Unlesse the Ghosts of the disturbed dead ?

Blesse me great Pas, I see it's *Clitons* face  
With a sword drawne ; how happy was my chace  
This way ! I hope his folly has not made  
Himselfe a Beast, as butcher'd with this Blade ;  
T may be he sleepes : I'lc speake to him, and try ;  
Yet I halfe doubt him 'caus he here doth lye.

*Cliton,* awake, the Night's dislodg'd, and now  
Bright Morn: is trimming of her Virgin brow,  
To court the Sunne, when from the Westerne deepe  
And *Tethis* lap his glimmering beames doe peep  
To ascend his glorious Carre. *Alexis* — awake,  
And with thy sleepe all dreames of horror shalke  
That may affright thee.

Kinde

*Love crownes the end.*

*CLITON.*

Kinde Alexis, thanks,  
How found you me?

*ALEXIS.*

Walking those flowry banks,  
'Twixt the greene valley, and the place which wee  
Have consecrated to Loves Deity?  
Seeking a stray'd Lamb, I did heare sad moanes  
Proceed from some like peales of parting groanes,  
Which I pursu'd, but in my search I found  
None but your selfe : you resting on this ground  
I wonder'd much to see you!

*CLITON.*

So you might.  
But when y'ave heard the cause on't, 'twill affright  
Your easie brest. Doe you obserue this Hand,  
This fatall Hand, at my unjust command  
Did : — Oh, I could destroy't !

*ALEXIS.*

For what offence ?

*CLITON.*

This hand has spilke the blood of Innocencie,  
My Florida's.

*ALEXIS.*

How ?

*CLITON.*

And when I'd done  
(As I might well) did hide me from the Sunnes,  
Fearing his eye would be the onely cause  
To finde me out; and here from men and lawes  
I have obscur'd my selfe, and could not say  
'Twas justly night, when night : Nor day when day ;  
My fact had fuled both.

What

*Love crownes the end.*

*ALEXIS.*

What urg'd thee to such inhumanity?

*CLITON.*

Onely suspition of her loyalty,  
Dreaming *Lysander* had enjoy'd her love,  
My jealousie to cruelty did move:  
I slew her three dayes since, and since have bin  
Each night at that place I stain'd with my sin,  
To seeke the body, but some sacred Power,  
For none else durst approach her purity,  
Has certainly made her immortal, and  
Convey'd the body to some holier land.

*ALEXIS.*

Is the body gone then?

*CLITON.* *Help.*

Or else my eyes doe faile me as an abject not worth their

*ALEXIS.*

Thy crime requires contrition; to that end,  
Thou shalt with me. Thy dayes to comit shalt spend  
In holy uses; I'le prepare for thee,  
In the best forme I can, each property  
Belonging to a penitive man. You must  
Forget all youthfull pleasures, think on dust,  
And penitence the onely meanes to bring  
Thy soule to rest after this wandering.  
Will you with me?

*CLITON.*

To death, or otherwise, since *Florinda* is dead. *Exit.*

*Cloe purſ'd by a laſſfull ſleepboard.*

*Laſſfull ſleepboard.*

Stay my darling, doe not flye,  
This place is private, here's none nigh.

*Feare.*

*Love crownes the end.*

Feare not Wench, I'le doe no harme,  
But embrace thee in my arme;  
Cull and kisse, and doe the thing  
Shepheards doe at wraffeling,

*CLOE.*

Oh help, if any Shepheards, neere,  
Heare my lamentes.

*Lys. Shepheard.*

Yet creature, doe not feare :  
But if you with coy disdaine,  
Doe think to leave me in my flame,  
I'le force those golden locks of thine  
To lye beneath these feet of mine ;  
Then yeeld and here enjoy such sweet  
As with our *embraces* meet.

*CLOE.*

Oh haplesse Maid, no ayde will come.

*LYSANDER.*

Peare not Virgin; here is some  
Natures monster ; Villaine, why  
Does thy flame now burne so high ?  
Will no other serve thy turne  
To quench the heats that in thee burne,  
But so faire a soule as thee ?  
Villaine hence, or else I'le bee  
Thy Butcher.

*CLOE.*

Kinde Youth, to whom am I  
Bound for this faire courtesie ?

*LYSANDER.*

First unto Heaven faire Creature; next to me  
A poore unworthy Shepheard;

*May*

*Love crownes the end.*

CLOE.

Say your Sweetest whom you love,  
Ever constant to you prove.  
Shee brighter than the Sunne,  
Leasing as our day at noone ;  
Fresher than the morning dew :  
Sweeter than a new kill'd Fewe ;  
Like Aurora deckt with flowers ;  
Or the welcome Aprill showers.  
Say shee love you, and you be  
The mirrour for true Constancie ;  
A gentle Youth, and this day prosperous be  
Amongst our Swaines in your Activity. *Exit.*

LYSANDER.

A thousand thanks reward you.  
Be my guide, and thou faire Gloriant,  
Whose beauty has encinder'd my poore heare  
Almost to nothing this day; thou shalt finde  
Thou hast a power above our humane kinde.

DAPHNES.

Bright sunne, why do'st thou shine on me ?  
Is it to mock me ? keepe thy light ; for I  
Had rather live in darknesse, and so dye.  
Or do'st thou shew thy lustre in disdaine,  
Because I have so oft with speech prophane  
Blasphem'd against thy goodnesse, And in praise  
Of a poore earthly creature spent my dayes ?  
Do'st thou yet smile? forgive me, and I'le bee  
No more her servant, but will honour thee.  
keepe thou thy brightnesse Phœbus, and this day  
From all our Swaines I'le bring the prize away. *Exit.*

Leon,

*Loue crownes the end.*

*Leon, Gloriana, and Francisco.*

*F R A N C I S C O .*

Fairest, this day, be pleas'd to smile on me,  
And let those hidden favours yet unshewne,  
Flow in abundance, that Swaines may see,  
None e're can conquer me, but you alone.

*G L O R I A N A .*

My favours friend is past, and you have taſted  
So much of my poore bounty, that it's waſted.

*L E O N .*

We ſtay too long ſonne, pray make halfe,  
Let us not ſpend time in waſte.

Daughter, you ſhall goe with mee,  
Where their paſtime wec may ſee.

Heark, I heare 'em make a noyſe; *Anoyſe*  
Oh my *bearts* my bonny *boys*, *my boys*.

Play your parts; when I was young  
I was full as ſtout and strong.

*R R A D Y .*

Deareſt, I muſt part; this calls me hence.

Father, I leave you.

*Exit Fra.*

*G L O R I A N A .*

For ever I hope, would I could propheteſie,  
And be effectuall, it ſhould be ſo.

*L E O N .*

Daughter, this way let us high;  
I am old, I'le not come nigh;

Nor ſhalt thou thy dapper Girle,  
Left thofe ſtaues that often whirle

Hit thy face. What againe! *Againe*  
Nay then I ſcarē wec goe in vaine. *against*

*Yet*

*Love comines the end.*

*GLORIANA.*

Father let us go, that wee  
may know who gain'd the victory.

*Exult.*

*The Lufffull Shepheard like a Satyre.*

With Dame Nature, pos' of all her tricks,  
I nor dealt so well with me as these ought,  
Taking me but a lump of rough-hew'n stuffe,  
The petish Wenches will not play with me,  
A sick nor toy, and cause I'm apt for sport :  
But e're I'm forsp'd, I've put on this disguise,  
To fight the baggages, when getting some  
Twixt these my armes, I'll force 'em to my will,  
To passe unknowne. Thus I my fences fill.

*Scrub within. So ho, so ho, so ho.*

What noyse is yon?

*SCRUB.*

Through the Woods, and through the Woods have I run,  
After the Run-away my Master. — What art thou in the  
Devill's name?

*Luff. Shepheard.*

Sirrah, I am —

*SCRUB.*

A devil, I knew't before : Thou shouldest be a leacherous  
Devill by thy hayric hide : but I am no Succubus goodman  
Devill.

*Luff. Shepheard*

Do'st thou feare me ?

*SCRUB.*

Oh Lord, me Sir. I have met such another devill as thou  
art, in my Porridge dish.

*Luff. Shepheard.*

And didst thou know him ?

*Know.*

*Love crownes the end.*

*SCRYE.*

Know him? how doe you meane know him? I haue  
be loth to know him or thee, or hee thee, or thy god.  
Master me for any ill; for I have defil'd the devill and  
works ever since the generall Earthquake, and the  
Mothers Cat miscarried in the horse Pond.

*Lust. Shepheard.*

Was thy Mother a Witch?

*SCRYE.*

*Offeris*

How a Witch you devill — I'le witch you. *strike.*

*Lust. Shepheard.*

Hold man! shee was an honest woman.

*SCRYE.*

Nay, now thou ly'st, and thou be'st the devils devill:  
For I have heard her soberly say, shee had six —  
Bastards by a Souldier before shee pigg'd me.

*Lust. Shepheard.*

*Offeris*

Hold, hold man.

*SCRYE.*

The devill afraid of blowes! I'le make you spet fire.

*Runnes after him.*

*A great shout. Lysander with a Garland on's head,  
and scarfs on's armes, Cloe following him.*

*CLOE.*

Friendly Swaine, the day is yours; you see  
My prayer it seemes succesfull was to thee.  
Pitty my mayden teares still now; I ne're  
S'u'd to a shepheard, but the shepheards were  
My suiters.

Nor deeme me light, because my love is such;  
I love indeed, and feare I love too much.

## Love comes to end.

You sav'd my life, my chaffey, what more?  
Take me as one alive with your owne before.

LYS AND R.  
How much I grieved faire Shepheare deesse, why Fair  
Will not allow me such a just proportion,  
To render thicke, as thy deesse have merited  
From me.

CLOE.  
Oh friend! I'll be your servant, and your flocke will keepe  
I'll nightly watch while you doe sweetly sleepe  
And in the morn. I'll willinglye yeeld,  
While you doe taste the sweets Love's valleyes yeeld,  
And with industrious labour against noon,  
Will get your dinner ready, so you will joye well donee  
But smile on me, and say well donee.

## LYS AND R.

To starve your hopes from furder presuetion in this suit.  
Know I've already fixt my resolution  
To love none but faire Gloriouſ, ſhe is  
Is the Commandreſſe of my life, and fortunes i  
So much I pity you, that I could wish wofit A  
I had two hearts, that you might share in one A  
As a just recompence for your love, but why do I  
Entertaine ſuch frivalous unnecessary talk. H  
May you live happy, and enjoy a rare,  
And conſtant Shepheard as yourſelfe is faire. Exe.

CLOE.  
Is my face wither'd? or has Nature ſo  
Deform'd me lately that I am no cleare?  
For thee poore Cleſt Shepheards have pitcht the Badis,  
Wraſtld, and leapd, and ſhowne the feascs of Warre.

## *Love diuines the end.*

For thee each strove to gaine thee in his Dove;  
But thou did'st slight and scorne their simple love.  
How many Veries have the Shepheards made,  
In pralifg of thy Beuty, whil'st thou hid  
Thy heart on him abhorrē to heare ther nam'd,  
And thy delights still to have thin fird ;  
How many Rings and Gloves hast thou receiv'd  
From the poore Swaines thise often times decciy'd ?  
For thee on Holy dayes they often would  
Meet on the Heath near to the Pindars Hold,  
Where they woulde Musick, and such sweet content,  
Would spend their time rounde thee merriment.  
Since thise my love is not one more rewarded,  
And that my Beuty is no more regarded :  
I'le teare these golden locks, that thepheards may  
Leave off their sport, and make no Holly-day.

## *SING S.*

I will follow through yon Grove,  
Where I soone shall meet my Love ;  
Then with sweet embraces wee  
With dipp, and pull, and none shall see.  
A willow Garland I will make,  
And sweetly weare it for his sake.  
Then through Thickets, Woods, and Plaines,  
I will hide me from the Swaines.  
Hy da, hy da, what art thou? As she is running in,  
*DAPHNIS.* meets her.  
You were not wont to question that; how fares my dearest Love?

## *LOVE.*

Hencehould rownd, hencee from me!  
Blush and be disloyal y-

Didst

## Zones d'habitat des oiseaux

Did'nt' nor tell am chaff, would'nt' gipps seez zimz P.  
Mc reputacion by thy fates, it has, I picc, I picc L  
And suffer' it now a fitterer heart as burst' plazt works bna  
The prize, and thop' zubz no fated zy. P.  
T. O. L. C. C. B. N. S. T. E. R. F. U. L. Y. Z. V. H. G. P. T.

Your frownes my Raies, and my heare,  
Gain'd from me the Victory. C. T. O. L.  
Had you fittid as yondid frowne,  
All his strength it's mitterid downe, and surfe  
What has disswid by Love? what has committid  
This injurie to thy perfecc<sup>t</sup> V. N. A. I.

## СЛУЖБЫ

What fickle things are women? & yet they are fickle-ness  
cannot be without; but the truth is, being on 'em makes  
'em proud; for loving them, they make us love our  
selves. I do suspect this bad neighbour in her proceeds  
from some identical ~~zeal~~ <sup>zeal</sup> has given her brother unlawfull  
funs, knowing my love to her. His soul I would see her  
suffer in too high a matting <sup>spiritual</sup> ~~spiritual~~ <sup>and O</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup>  
~~and place~~ <sup>and place</sup> ~~different~~ <sup>all</sup> ~~your~~ <sup>my</sup> misery, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup>  
Roses, a Title written over' column.

# LOVER'S VILLE

John Dryden

Edward Chidiock's Ode I. Job viii.  
and BESANT  
Dearest Love, false as the Balterne mist, and before  
When with her Summers vanisheth under the Plains,  
And hangs on every bough a Roudre peak,  
In Mayes triumphing boughs, sweet as the myrt.

#### REFERENCES

The Phenix does emploie him selfe to play his sonnes in Will  
The cunning Thiefe, and stealer thy heart away,  
And thou shal stand as Judge to sentence me,  
To recompence thy losse I muste saye vaine lies,  
To give my heast, which heigh in Urftond,  
'Tis but exchange, cheape yonge beaste, you minneworth may  
G L O R I A 1694. 1695. 1696. 1697. 1698.  
Content my Love thus, these childrens are thees, all my best  
And thus and thus shee doth playe a Wantons part, and thus  
Doe I not binke at all, why & saye you Kiffenish and rade

LYS AND ROG  
Oh, you must not blush ! you spill the jest on't,  
I'll span thy Whist, and do as Whisters use; and, and  
I'll be a sonris, but will not refuse. — Child

**GLORIANA**

Now shall you surely beyond your limits, and I shall have  
against me no guide. YET A N D Y E, stand by Rifford.  
Most excellent & much enriched mixtures and diversities  
abounding yet. **F F 4 N G 1 S 6 O.** And I  
will say where are my eyes? what curst untruly wimper  
Nestor bloume's em bier, and in their stead placed these base  
counterfaids! Oh you Deities & gods, are unjust to suffer  
this! If these eyes be my owt, may they be blasted, than  
without my Lyssina' face never alight. But  
Durft see this obje & I blyuer les reason.

Sway my passion.  
Why doe I wish a mischiefe know selfe,  
That must see their destruction & have long  
Suspected him by reason of her Miserie,  
And the continual scorne dwelt on her brow  
When I did proffer love, were I provided  
I'd rush upon 'em, and from his base armes.

*Lysander to CLOE.*

Snatch the false Girl, for we stand secure  
A while and over-heare 'em I c

G L O R I A N Y H

'Tis time to part, w'assently'd find his lady.  
Lysander, will you walk? , clo dyd' no vnd A

L T S A N D E R R

Thinks Gloriana forward at vision yrs bna  
That I me is lost that's signit wchillw Lysander

F R A N C I S G U A R D

Decluding devill driv by vnd blvcs vnd

G L O R I A N Y H

I could Lysander, as vñmaw' showl vnd  
(Might it not staine my Maydenycates) live onely  
By gazing on thy Beauty vnd

L T S A N D E R R

Nay, now ypu mockinig whil I hope, c're long  
Wee shall with more seruery enjoy vnd  
What our hearts wshirer, whil shall see exct meer?

E R A B R W W M T Z V R O F A H

G L O R I A N Y H

In this very place to indection he furd ym meet .

*Exeunt.*

I will not fail, ym am vnd know not

F R A N C I S G U A R D

Nor I to meet you both, Oh my best starres!  
How I shall weare my false into revenge just, just Gods  
y'ave stamp my brains for mischiff, which on them  
Vie excesse,

And none shall pry into my faults within.  
Revenge has Covets, fit to hide his sin.

*Exit.*

K 3 CLOE

#### Explorations outside

SINCE 1913

Hey dowie & downe troy,  
And shal not die troy,  
A fire on thy hole,  
'Tis as black as bruley,  
And thy nose is as brown as abyssy,

*Sbet singt.* When Love did act g wimans part,  
Shee could have dy'd with all her heare,  
It swelld like a herte part;  
Shee swore 'twas windc, and dwelt ill  
*Nymphes to her* *no* *gniasc* *vi*  
*Sint dethet.*

He loves earth or chafferbut; playe yeadly v. wch c. 11  
He never liv'd in yeres of filding; dwy halli w/ 17  
Amongst them hem wch emper, he wch p[er]sonnes 17  
He knowes both how, and when

To where thou wert before each day  
He has a mind so bright which knows  
Your wants by the tormenting woes  
He's subject'd himselfe.  
Then look at you dearest,  
They are both young and faire.  
This was the way you became  
**CLOE.** Take this with you

Where doe you leade me? but yonr v. ~~you~~ ~~you~~ ~~you~~  
Lysander and Ophelia. v. ~~you~~ ~~you~~ ~~you~~  
Lysander.  
How small are wee, that Fortune hath

50

## Love fromme the end.

So much befriended us in this happy?

Convenient opportunity? that we had, shall

**GLORIANIA.** soe could not

'Tis an unaccustom'd favour, large wch bnt  
And we ought in duty to acknowledge b person to  
A thankfulness for it. H 198

**L T S A N D E R.** Stays downe.

So fits the pride of Nature to her eye

Each glorious Beauty of the country'd fields, V 100

And Flora's richest Wardrobe of a gaudy & florall wch

**GLORIANIA.**

I perceive blow wch bnt or dñe and vch is x

Y'ave practis'd long in chflattering Rules of love,

What wil reward you? 110 10

**L T S A N D E R.**

A kiss is more than I can merit, play wch comes to vch

Will you sing. not distinguisht

**GLORIANIA.**

And you'll give me another for my paines. 110 10

**L T S A N D E R.**

Put it to the tryall, 110 10

You shall not loose your labour. 110 10

**SONG.**

**GLORIANIA.**

Sit while I doe gather flowers,

And depopulate the Bowers.

Here's a kiss will come to thee;

Lysander. Give me one, I'll give thee three.

**S O C H.**

Thus in harmlesse sport wee may,

Passe all idle houres away.

## Lysander bound.

GLO. & L. A. *Music* *and* *Chorus*

Hark, hark how fine  
The Birds doe sing, I T.O.D.  
And pretty Philomel,  
Her moane dont tell me, you may now

BOTH. *A* *to* *the* *lute*

The party, pimplar, and all is well.

GLO. & L. A. *Music* *and* *Chorus*

Here's the Violets, Pinks, and Roses, you shall no longer see,  
The sweetest breathings for the rose, fresh and new.

L.T.S.M.N.D.E.B.

Yet thy breath to me doth yeeld  
More fragrant sense than all the field.

GLO. & L. A. *Music* *and* *Chorus*

Love cares not for ~~flattery~~ joye,

Play games for your spight, *I* *had* *it* *at* *first* *A*  
Nor superstition

For his condition, I.T.O.D.

Is for to know, *and* *you* *ll* *give* *me* *the* *key*,  
Lysander — if you have or no.

GLO. & L. A. *Music* *and* *Chorus*

Then answer, love I of no, I *want* *you*, *you* *have* *no*,  
But yet me thinks that fact *should* *be*,  
The Modell of true constancy, O.G.

Therefore no reason have I

To suspect thy Loyalty, *and* *value* *your* *person*,

Here's another kisse for thee,

L.T.S.M.N.D.E.B.

Give me one, I'll give thee three.

BOTH.

Thus in harmefree sport we may  
Passee all idle hours away.

## Lover and his friend.

### GLORIA.

Mark, hark how fine  
The Birds doe chime;  
And prettie Philomel,  
Her moane doth tell.

### BOTH.

Then pitry, pitry Love, and all is well!

### LYSANDER.

I ave sung me most a sleepe my eyes are dim and heavy,  
Saith I must make my self my pillow.

### GLORIA.

Repose thy gentle head on me Alas I am too weary  
I'm heavy too, and must obey my destiny.

### Sleepe.

#### The Destinie.

### SINS.

Sleepe on, sleepe on,  
For wee have for decessed; and noqu' stam wi' si si si si  
That thou must bleed?

Sleepe on, sleepe on,  
And maff this never maff this never, maff this never  
For blood the shepheards crye.

Sleepe on, sleepe on, has still ~~extasie~~,  
A beautifull messenger white.

### SONG.

Rise, rise Lysander to prevent  
What the Destinie decreed.

Thou art constant, permanent,  
And must not bleed.

Thy constant seed,  
Shall be the shepheards joy,

No annoy

Shall

*Love comes to end.*

Shall attend. *A R O O D*

Such a friend *and wod stnd. Nis u  
As the Lasses need.* *an iis bob abitl. wif*

Rise, rise, awake ! *hankly Q yasq. hna*

And slespe off shake ; *Her doh enom. sol*

The Heavens are pleas' dicy part to take,

For thy Love's sake. *E Z I S*

*GLO RIANA.* *They stirre.*

Lysander, wher ar't? Lord how my fancies's troublid!

*L T S M A R C D E T R* *elam flur I thi*

How fares my Gloriess / I have had

Strange thoughts that would haue disposses'd

Me of my rest, had I not stoke it here

On your sacred lap.

*Francisco disguis'd with others.*

*F R A N C I S C O.*

That is the man : upon him instantly

While I attach his Mistress.

*G L O R I A R I A.*

Ah me Lysander, what measures these sad spectacles?

*S V I L L A N E.*

Wee must haue life and death.

*G L O R I A R I A.*

Both life and death : how can that be ?

*F R A N C I S C O.*

Thy life, and thy Lysanders death,

*G L O R I A R I A.*

I've heard that voyce *ERS HOW* *an flood the night*

Afford more milder language *old son sum hna*

*F R A N C I S C O.* *infusd vlt*

Stop her mouth lest shee does shasse me. *th ed Hanes*

Unto pitty. *yonan oN*

## Lysander's Complaint.

LYSANDER. No man so T  
But you but men, and dare do this to me! A

GENTLEMAN. Aye, I am a man, and a

Th spare Lysander, stabb'd your swords in me,

IT IS A SPITEFUL WOMAN.

We'll not expostulate: take then,

2. VILLAIN.

And that,

3. GENTLEMAN.

OH Lysander! A QUIET WITH THEM.

Stay, stay, let me kiss beneath my hat,

Upon her lips, and I'll forgive this Butchery,

Cowards, Villainey, Mistreats, have you left me?

I bethink me still, whether art thou fled?

Fear has made pale those cheeks that were so red,

We follow thee: they shall not dare to touch

The least hem of thy garments. But on, Falsey,

And must surrender up to them this part

Protege from her. OH Lysander! Tis a villainy, oh villainy!

W. CHARLES STAFFORD.

W. CHARLES STAFFORD.

We may for recreation walk,

And see some misery here and there, take,

Religion does not eye us so

A stricter course than we can set.

4. FLORIDA.

Tis dangerous walking, every bush

Doth shroud but sounds of horror yeild,

And to my faith doth appear

Poore slaughter'd Maid, the Butcher's Beare

The

*Lovers drownes the world.*

The name of Lovers, and can finde

A way in killing to be kinde.

Ah me, whence camst thou groane it?

It is a Shepheard wounded once

Sure I've scene this foyre before

Oh 'tis Lysander th' truest Swaine,

That ever breath'd payne or Paine.

C L A U D I A .

What, is hee mark'd for present death?

No, there is hope of life; his breath

I feele come coldly.

C L A U D I A .

Help him in his need, you Heale wights;

For be just, reward misfit.

S O R D E R .

The devill and his crewe haue tafted aynt

Master; I cannot finde him in slavry. Wenchies placuy

(pocket I should say) and yet I haue beeene in a simple ma

ny since I came among these Morton-Mongers, the

sheepe-eatery, unlesse they haue hid him amongst the

wooll, I cannot imagine whete he shold be. I will wear

my shooes to peeces but I loath him.

Lysander, Claudio, Florida, and Clee.

L Y S A N D E R .

Religious Matron, from your divine hand

I have receiv'd my life next to heavens providence:

Sure my wounds were not despitous, or else

Some Angell did afford a soveraigne Balsome.

To

*Lover's Melancholy.*

Secure 'em in such an instant; but howsoe'er,  
I must ascribe it to your pious care: From indeed w  
hich I owe you more than I can pay,  
will be my life.

**CLAUDIA.**

The Surgery I use is sent from Heaven,  
and you owe them your life, not me.

**LYSANDER.**

**FLORIDA,** I would I could I would I  
did you ne're hear of your Clitius & his need? Since.

**FLORIDA** would I could I  
ever.

I would gladly see him, did I know  
what means to achieve it?

**CLOE.**

Dear friend, the stories of us both if weigh'd  
in an equall ballance, would poize each other  
Let to put her love to the Test, I'll undertake  
your message.

**LYSANDER.**

You wilt endear me to thee then, about it.

**FLORIDA.** Exit Cloe.

You heard how Cloe came to our happy Cure.

**LYSANDER.**

Never.

**FLORIDA.**

The Wood Nymphes brought her to our Cell, finding  
Her stray'd where ever since she's bin.

**LYSANDER.** (clitus;

If you will with mee, I'll promis' you, you shall see your

**FLORIDA.**

On those conditions I will.

Whether

To

*Dame Glorianna stand,*

*Whether now?*

*No farther than with your consent, and if you please,  
may goe with us.*

*Cla. I am contented.*

*Gloriana directed.*

*SING. S.Y.I*

*I know Lysander's dead,*

*Then farewell my dearest friend,*

*Thou art but one o'*

*When I am gone;*

*It never shall be said —— say ho, ho,*

*Oh Lysander.*

*CLYTTON like a Hussy.*

*Save you faire Maid, with you joy,  
Free from sight that may annoy  
Your quiet, or disturb your sense;  
Send you health and penitence.*

*GLORIA M.A.*

*Ha, ha, ha, what are you Lysander? what, yeid that beard  
there's a great beard indeed: haik you Fryer Tuck, do  
you see yoq handsome shepheard Lysander?*

*Why did you say he was dead?*

*You are mistaken, I'm a Hymet, that can cure  
All wounds, but what sinne makes lypure;  
And those are cur'd by me above;  
I can help those ills that may  
Man to distracton, jealous feates,  
In missever woman. I have yeare*

*Hus*

*Love crowns the end.*

gain'd experience to apply  
all sorts a safe remedy.

**GLORIANA.**

**SING S.**

Doe you see where he doth stand,  
With a Crosie-Bow in his hand.

I will follow thee my Deare,

Thought the Goblins keeped there?

**CLITON.** *Offers to give.*

My pure Mayd.

**GLORIANA.**

By doe you hold me old man? insooth you shall not.

**CLITON.**

You will be pul'd by mee,

Shall your Lyfe euer see,

**GLORIANA.**

All I indeed now?

**CLITON.**

Come with me and you shall know

more, if you will but patient grow.

*Leon and Alceste.*

Good Father, be patient.

**LEON.**

Not my daughter lost, my onely daughter,

The onely staffe whereon my age did rest,

And onely comfort which I had on earth?

Ah! I am miserable.

*Leon and Alceste.*

There's hopes yet left to finde her,

**LEON.**

Never. Some rude and savage hand has kill'd my Girles,

Leaving deflow'r'd her of her virgin honour.

Talk

*Love you not the end.*

Talk not of patience, 'tis the onely meanes  
To cure a bad distemper, to grow worse,  
And fire it out of him. Obey my Alarum.

A L E X I S.

I'm lost in loosing her.  
Let us endeavour to finde her.

A L E X I S.

I'll take thy counsell, goodness guide me still,  
Sometimes are Parents ~~cross~~ against their will.

*Exit.*

Lysander. *Clasps Florinda.*

L Y S A N D E R.

We are almost at his Cell, where he do's waste  
Himselfe away with griefe, thinking you are  
A Citizen in Heaven, and that wrong  
He did you, has so deafe'd his soule,  
It cannot be purg'd off but by such penitence.

F L O R I D A.

Y'ave moy'd my heart that it dissolves in teares,  
Of blood, and water, for the strictnesse hee  
Has undergone for mee.

*Enter CLOE and DAPHNES.*

C L O E,

I'm glad I've found you : doe you see w're coupl'd  
Lovers ought to doe : but your Glorie is lost beyond  
Recovery.

L Y S A N D E R.

How?

D A P H N E S.

Shee hearing of your death fell frantick, and  
Since I have not seene her ne're our Groves.

L Y S A N D E R.

Let us put wings to our pursuit to finde her;

*Act.*

*Jesse braunes the end.*

You sav'd my life, my chasteity, what more? I doo see'st not? Take me as one that was your owne before.

*L T S A N D E R.*

How much I grieve faire Shepheardeesse, my Fairie! Will not allow me such a just proportion, as no man can. To render thee, as thy deserts have deserved. From me.

*C L O E.*

Oh friend! I le be your servant, and your flocke will keepe. I le nightly watch while you doo sweetly sleepe. And in the morn I le willingly goe field, and basell also. While you doe taste the sweets. Loves vallicyes yeld, And with industrious labour against noon. Will get your dinner ready, so you will. But smile on me, and say well done.

*L T S A N D E R.*

To starve your hopes from furder prosecution in this suit. Know I've already fixt my resolution. To love none but faire Gloriana, since Is the Commandresse of my life, and forturies: So much I pity you, that I could wish I had two hearts, that you might share in one. As a just recompence for your love, but why do I Entertaine such frivilous unnecessary talk? May you live happy, and enjoy as rare, And constant Shepheard as your selfe is faire.

*C L O E.*

Is my face wither'd? or has Nature so Deform'd me lately that I am not cleare? For thee poore Cloe Shepheards have pitcht the Barre, Wraffl'd, and leap'd, and shewne the scars of Warre.

K.

F.

## *Love knows them.*

For thee each strove to gaine thee as his Dove,  
But thou did' st slight and scorne their simple love.  
How many Verses have the Shepheards made,  
In prassing of thy Beuty, whil'st thou hid  
Thy heart on him that hast so faire thee nam'd,  
And thy delights still to have him faid?  
How many Rings and Gloves hast thou receiv'd  
From the poore Swaines thoo often times deceiv'd?  
For thee on Holy dayes they often would  
Meet on the Hightmeane to the Pinders fold,  
Where they with Misick and such sweet content,  
Would spend their time to make thee merriment.  
Since then my love is not one more rewarded,  
And that my Beuty is no more regarded:  
I'le tear e these golden locks, that Shepheards may  
Leave off their sport, and make no Holy-day.

### S I N G S .

I will follow through yon Grove,  
Where I some shall meet my Love;  
Then with sweete embraces we  
Will clasp, and call, and none shall see,  
A willow Garland I will make,  
And sweetly weare it for his sake.  
Through thickets, Woods, and Plaines,  
I will hide me from the Swaines,  
Hyda, by da, what art thou? *As she is running in,*  
*DAPHNIS. meets her.*

You were not wont to questiod that; how fares my dearest Love?

*CLEOP.*  
Hence thou coward, hence from me;  
Blush at thy disloyal y.

### Zona de actividad

Did it not tell us that it would bring me up to the top of the world?—  
My reputation by the fall of my hat, still I gained it.  
And suffer it now to be overthrown as easily as it was.  
The prize, and thousands more, no shelter.

Your frowns my Fair, and such  
Gain'd from me the victory. 1205  
Had you frown'd as you did frown'd,  
All his strength I'd manage'd down'd,  
What has dismell'd my Love? who has contriv'd  
This injurie to thy person? 1213

What fickle things are women? yet they are fickle men  
cannot be without; but tho' much doting on 'em makes  
'em proud; for loving them, they think it's time out  
selves. I doe suspect this bad Bironshire in her proceeds  
from some gentlewoman has given her to her unmerciful  
son, knowing my love to her. 'Tis so. I will not let this  
further in too high a rate.

### Industrial Glazes.

## LET'S RIDE IT.

Dearest Love, faire as the Easterne sunne  
When with her Summers tothe shee decke the quayles  
And hangs on every bough a lound pearl,  
In Mayes triumphing moneth. Twelft as the syre;

The Phoenix does expell him, while he playes upon him  
The cunning Thiefe, and steals thy heart away,  
And thou shalt stand as judge uncapacitated  
To recompence thy losse I am frangent and lame, losing still  
To give my heart, which being understood,  
'Tis but exchange, I keep thy heart, you mince it.

G L O R I A.  
Content my Love thus, since would you retaine  
And thus and thus shee'd playe Wantons part, and haue  
Doe I not blush *Adonis*, *Kisse him!*

L Y S A N D E R.  
Oh, you must not blush ! you spoile the jest on't,  
I'le span thy Wanton, and doe as Wanton use; and, when  
I'le be *Adonis*, but will not refuse.

G L O R I A.

Nay sir, you steare beyond your limis.  
*Adonis* no prynce, *Lysander*. *Kisse*  
Modestly allowes such undefiled mixtures.  
*Tathem FRANCISCO.*  
Ah ! where are my eyes ? what curst unruly windes  
Have blowne them put, and in their stead plac'd these base  
counterfaits ! Oh you Deities ? you are unjust to suffer  
this ? If these eyes be my owne, may they be blasted, that  
without my Lydence  
Durst see this abus & ; but yet let reason  
Sway my passion.

Why doe I wish a mischiefe on my selfe  
That must see their destruction ? I have long  
Suspected him by treason of her Necces,  
And the mouthfull scarce dwelt on her brow  
When I did proffer love, were I provided  
I'd rush upon 'em, and from his bale armes  
Snatch

*Love transmutes the world.*

Snatch the false Girls; but blisshand secure  
A while and over-heard

*GLOUCESTER*

'Tis time to part, where dially'd Time too long,  
*Lysander*, will you walk?

*LYSANDER*

Thinks *Gigliante* *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* vnto her  
That Time is left her *Gigliante* with her *Pyramus*

*Demetrius* *Erasmus* *S. C. Donisthorpe*  
Deluding *Devill*, did he that artful *Devill*

I could *Lysander*, *Pyramus* *Thisbe*  
(Might it not staine my Maydes-yeares) live onely  
By gazing on thy Beauty

*Lysander*

Nay, now you mock me; backe shooe the long  
Wee shall with more leasure enjoy  
What our hearts wifhion. Where shall we next meet?

*GLORIANA*

In this very place to morrow wee find you meet.

*Exeunt.*

I will not falter, *Pyramus* *Thisbe*

*FRANCIS COKE*

Nor I to meet you both. Oh my best starres!

How I shall weare my selfe in reuenge, just, just Gods  
y'ave stamps my braine for mischief, which on them  
Vic' execute.

And none shall pry into my faulces within.  
Revenge has Covets, fit to hide his sin.

*Exeunt.*

*FRANCIS COKE*

## Love comes the end.

The Damsel doth say,  
The world is full of woe, O woe! and shame  
And sin, O sin! O sin! O sin!

S I N G 'S E A S O N 'S S I D E A

Hey downis adownis,  
And knollis adownis,

A fire on thy hole, I saw boy will shew it

'Tis as black as pitch, Tis

And thy nose is as browne as almy, O almy!

When I was a wifes part,

Shee could have dy'd with all her grace,

It swelld up so in my part;

Shee swore 'twas wind, and therid done

Nymphes to her gaudys, and gaying

Sing about her, Tis

Loved caria or chalkebot, pretty yeddy,

He never livid in yonder land,

Might isott bradly seen, What one per-

He knowes both how, and when

Thos that stovel,

Posturhous was before,

He has a sondes litde, which knowes

Your wants by the tormenting woes,

He's alijackd himselfe.

Then doth aby you despaire,

Thas apode young and faire,

This doth aby you dance,

CLOE. Takes Cloe with him,

Where doe you laide monsieur, to see the world?

Lysander and Orlane,

L T S A N D E R.

How glad are wee, that Fortune hath

So

## Lysander and the girl

So much befriended us in this happy?

Convenient opportunity? and wod farr, shif.

**GLO.R.I.A.N.D.** the briesnes be

'Tis an unaccustom'd favour, the briesnes be  
And we ought in duty to acknowledge the briesnes be  
A thankfulness for it. the briesnes be

**L Y S A N D E R.** the briesnes be **Sparfdowne.**

So fits the pride of Nature to the rye  
Each glorious Beauty of the chequer'd field,  
And Flora's richest Wardrobe. the briesnes be

**GLO.R.I.A.N.D.**

I perceive the briesnes be  
Y'ave practis'd long in th'flattering Rules of love,  
What wil reward you? the briesnes be

**L Y S A N D E R.** the briesnes be

A kisse is more than I can merite, the briesnes be  
Will you sing. the briesnes be

**GLO.R.I.A.N.D.** the briesnes be

And you'l give me another for my paines. the briesnes be

**L Y S A N D E R.** the briesnes be

Put it to the tryall, the briesnes be  
You shall not loose your labours. the briesnes be

**B O T H.** the briesnes be

**GLO.R.I.A.N.D.** the briesnes be

Sit while I doe gather flowers, the briesnes be  
And depopulate the bowers. the briesnes be

**H E R C U L E S.** the briesnes be

Here's a kisse will come to thee; the briesnes be

**L y s a n d e r.** Give me one, Pleas give thee three. the briesnes be

**B O T H.** the briesnes be

**GLO.R.I.A.N.D.** the briesnes be

Thus in harmlesse sport wee may, the briesnes be

Passe all idle hours away. the briesnes be

**SHALLO.** the briesnes be

**K 4**

**Hark**

## Love doth never end.

GLORIA. So muche pell me, this is good.

Hark, hark how fine  
The Birds doe sing,  
And pretty Philomel  
Her moane doth fill the world, in such a

BOTH. A sweete and welcome sounde.

Then pity, pity love, and all is well.

GLORIA. Here's the Violets, Pinkes, and Roseys,  
The sweetest breathings for the houres of day,  
LJSMND. And the sweete and welcome sounde.

Yet thy breath to me doth yeeld

More fragrance then all the field.

GLORIA. Where will I meete you again?

Love cares not for the world, I

Play games for your amiss, Baynes, I care not if he be a

Nor superstition, You thinke him ill,

For his condition.

It is for to knowe, if you be a

Lysander — if you love or no.

GLORIA. Then answer, love I of you, I

But yet me thinks that you would be

The Modell of true constancie.

Therefore no realle man, I

To suspect thy loue,

Here's another kiss, methinks it is

Give me one, I leagie thee hence.

BOTH. Thus in harmlesse sport we may

Passe all idle houres away.

Hark,

## Act the second.

### GLORIA N.

Hark, hark how fine  
The Birds doe chime,  
And pretty Philomel,  
Her moane doth tell.

### BOTH.

Then pitty, pitty Love, all is well!

### LYSANDER.

I have sung me morn's sleep, my eyes are dull and heavy,  
Faith I must make my lap my pillow.

### GLORIA N.

Repose thy gentle head on't. Ahoy! Who comes with G. L.  
I'm heavy too, and must obey my destiny. Sleep.

### The Definitions.

### SLEEP.

Sleepe on, sleepe on,  
For wee have so decreed,  
That thou must bleed.

Sleepe on, sleepe on,  
And haue thou never neare,  
For blood the shepheard cryed.

Sleepe on, sleepe on. Exe. 2

A heavenly messenger in white,

Rise, rise Lysander to prevent  
What the Definitions decreed.

Thou art constant, permanent,  
And must not bleed.

Thy constant seed  
Shall be the shepheards joy,  
No annoy.

Shall

## Loves former shewes.

Shall ascend G. I. O.  
Such a friend

As the Lasses need. and wot wot wot wot  
Rise, rise, awake! comis oob abis oob

And sleepe off shake; I could quoth ha A.  
The Heavens are pleas'd bye, paye to take,  
For thy Love's sake. Exi. T

G. L. O. R. I. A. N. T. They flire,

Lysander where art? Lysander how my farris exo blid!

How fares my Gloriouſe? I have had  
Strange thoughtes that would haue disperſed yon sleep  
Me, many reſt, had I notooke i thare  
On your ſacred lap.

Francesca diſguis'd with others.

F R A N C I S Q.

That is the man: upon him infandy  
While I attache his Miftrefſe.

G L O R I A. N. T.

Ah me Lyfender, what meaneſt theſe ſad ſpectacles?

S. V I L L A N.

Wee muſt haue life and death.

G. L. O. R. I. A. N. T.

Both life and death: how can that be?

G. L. O. R. I. A. N. T.

Thy life, and thy Lysander's death.

G. L. O. R. I. A. N. T.

I've heard that voyce e're now  
Afford more milder language.

F R A N.

Stop her mouth leſt ſhee doth chancemeſt  
Unto pitty.

M. O. B. U. T.

Act

## Lysander and Hermia.

Let me see if I can get you to goe away.

GEORGE WILSON'S  
A MERICAN LIBRARY

With spare Lysander, shew thy dir'wounds in me.

See I have now bled you to the bone.

We'll not expostulate with her.

3. V. FEE. A. N. S.

And that.

4. V. FEE. A. N. S.

Oh Lysander!

5. V. FEE. A. N. S.

Stay, stay, let me kiss beneath my hand.

Upon her lips, and I'll forgive this Butchery,

Cowards, Villains, Malfreets, have you left me?

Burnt my fingers, whether art thou fled?

Fee has made pale th' cheekes that were so red,

I'll follow thee; they shall not dare to touch me.

The least hem of thy garments,

And must surrend're up to her that part

People from her. Glorianna, oh Glorianna! but ill'st thou

W. (bodice) I cannot tell what I am.

Am I mad? I am not mad. I am not mad.

W. (bodice) I am not mad.

6. V. FEE. A. N. S.

Tis dangerous walking, every step.

Dost wrought but bounds of horror yeeld,

And to my fancies dost appear.

Poore Daught'red Maid by the Butchers bear.

The

A m e n d r o u n d t h e s e c o n d .

The name of Lovers, and contiaide  
A way in killing to be hindred, *Lyander. Observe*  
Ah me, whence came this groane? *O*

It is a Shepheard wounded sore.  
*F L Y A R D Archologue. See I see*  
Sure I've seen this face before?  
Oh 'tis *Lyander* th' truest Swaine,  
That even breath'd on Grove or Plaie.

*C L A U D I A.*  
What, is hee mark'd for present death?  
*F L Y A R D* It has aske  
No, there is honestie in his breath, and I  
Feele come coldly.

*C L A U D I A.* Help him and other  
Help him intoll of such you ill deserte could woulde all  
To be just toward him, and bring vs to med best selfe.

*S O R A J B.* The devill and his dam I drinke hate, castid away my  
Master; I cannot finde him so never's Wenches placuit,  
(pocket I should say) and yet I have beeene in a simple man-  
ny since I came among these Morton-Mongers, these  
sheepe-eatres, unlesse they haue hid him amongst their  
wooll, I cannot imagine where hee shoulde be. I will warr  
my shooes to peeces but I leade him.

*Lyander, Claudio, Florida, and Clos.*

*L Y S A N D E R.*

Religious Matron, from your divine hand  
I have receiv'd my life next to heavens providence:  
Sure my wounds were not desperate, or else  
Some Angell did afford a soveraigne Balsome

## Lysander and Clorinda

acute 'em in such infinit' balchowsoever,  
I must ascribe it to your pious care:  
which I owe you more than I can pay,  
will be my life.

CLAUDIA.

Surgery I us'dis fear from Heaven,  
and you owe them your life, not me.

LYSANDER.

Florida,

I and you ne're heare of your little

Since.

FLORIDA.

I would gladly see him, did I know  
what means to atchieve it?

CLOE.

are friend, the stories of us both if weigh'd  
in equall ballance, would poiso each other  
it to put her love to the Test, I'll undertake  
our message.

LYSANDER.

You wilt endear me to thee then, about it.

FLORIDA. Exit Cloe.

I heard how Cloe came to our happy Cure.

LYSANDER.

Never.

FLORIDA.

The Wood Nymphes brought her to our Cell, finding  
Her stray'd where ever since sh's bin.

LYSANDER.

If you will with mee, I'll promise you, you shall set your

FLORIDA.

On those conditions I will.

LYSANDER.

country over I answer, Whether

*Dreamt thou of Lysander,*

*Whether now?*

*No farther than with your consent, and if you please,  
may goe with us.*

*Cla. I am contented.*

*Gluttony distracteth men to doe*

*SING. Y.L.*

*I know Lysander's dead,*

*Then fare well my deare friendes,*

*Thou art but one of us,*

*When I am gone:*

*It never shall be said — thy he, he,*

*Oh Lysander,*

*SH. O. D.*

*CLITON the Hermit.*

*Save you faire Maid, I wish you joy, and I have  
Free from trouble thine troublous day,  
Your quiet, or disturb your fence;  
Send you health and persistency.*

*GLORIANA.*

*Ha, ha, ha, who, where you Lysander? what with that beard  
there's a great beard indeed: break you Fryer Tuck, do not  
you see you handsome shepherd Lysander?*

*Why did you say he was dead?*

*CLITON.*  
*You are mistaken, there Hermit that can cure  
All wounds, but whatisme makes impure;  
And those are cur'd by one above me.  
I can help those ills that move  
Man to distraction, jealous feates,  
Inuisit for woman. I have yeares*

*Hu*

## Lysistrates the end.

has gain'd experience to apply  
for all sorts a safe remedy.

GEORIANA.

SINGERS.

Doe you see where he doth stand,  
With a Croffe-Bow in his hand.  
I will follow thee my Deare,  
Thought the Goddess keepeth there:

CLYTTON. Offers to go to her.

my pure Mayd.

GEORIANA.

Why doe you hold me old man? insooth you shall not  
follow me.

CLYTTON.

you will be kill'd by mee,  
you shall your Lysander see.

GEORIANA.

shall I indeed now?

CLYTTON.

Come with me and you shall know  
more, if you will be patient grow.

Exeunt.

Leon and Alexis.

Good Father, be patient.

LEON.

I do not my daughter lost, my onely daughter,  
The onely staffe whereon my age did rest,  
And onely comfort which I had on earth?  
Oh! I am miserable.

Leon and Alexis.

There's hopes yet left to finde her.

LEON.

Never. Some rude and savage hand has kill'd my Girle,  
Having deflownd her of her virgin honour.

Talk

*Lysander to the end.*

Talk not of patience, 'tis the onely messenger  
To cure a bad distemper, to grow worse, and to kill him  
And cure it out of him. *Glyndy Alasies*

*A L L S I S.*

I'm lost in loosing her,  
Let us endeavour to finde her,

*LEON*

I'll take thy counsell, goodness guide me still,  
Sometimes are Parents croise against their will.

*E S C U N T.*

*Lysander, Claudia, Florinda.*

*L T S A N D E R.*  
We are almost at his Cell, where he do's waste  
Himselfe away with griefe, thinking you are  
A Citizen in Heaven, and that wrong  
He did you, has so defil'd his soule,  
It cannot be purg'd off but by such penitence.

*F L O R I D A.*

Y'ave mov'd my heart that it dissolves to teares,  
Of blood, and water, for the strictnesse hee  
Has undergone for mee. *Ester Cloe and Daphnes.*

*CLOE.*

I'm glad I've found young doe you see w're coupl'd  
Lovers ought to doe; but your Gloriæ is lost beyond  
Recovery.

*L T S A N D E R.*

How?

*D A R H N E S.*

Shee hearing of your death fell frantick, and  
Since I have not scene her ne're our Groves.

*L T S A N D E R.*

Let us purwings to our pursuit to finde her;

*And*

*Love crowns the end.*

And first wee'll search his Cell.

**C L A V D I A.**

Great Pax send all things well.

**A Z U R E.**

**F R A N C I S C O.**

Conscience, how thou do'st buzz into my ears; despaine  
the thing attends my guilt, Gloriā lost:  
Whose sweet sake I heapt new fynes upon me?  
What has my fury purchas'd nothing? Yes!  
Hell, and destruction, which onely by a haire hangs o're  
head, which blowne by the least winde, falls downe  
and sinks me.

**S C R U B.**

You sirrah, madcap, that creepes like a Crab there:  
Mark you, doe not you know one Francisco and Pisanier,  
vagabonds, that cannot live in peace with Poultry,  
they must flye after sheepe?

**F R A N C I S C O.**

Howe that wretched name Francisco.

**S C R U B.**

Who? you wish that face! pray where's Pisanier then?

**F R A N C.**

I'd looke him at the Court when I came thence,

**S C R U B.**

As you shepheards will lye abominably, hee has been

in the Court ever since seven yeates before hee was

one.

**L Y S A N D E R.**

Friends, wee are happy made, Fortune and Love reserv'd

these blisſes to crowne the end of things.

And shall F

**L**

**The**

*Lovers in every the end.*

CLITON.

The story you related Florida.

How this divine Matron did take your body,  
Finding it warme, and did apply such Balsames  
As hath preserv'd your life, makes me most happy.

LYSANDER.

I'm blust in my Gloriæ, and componed.

DAPHNES.

I in my Cloe.

CLITON.

And I in Flotide.

Leon, Alexis, Claudia, and Florida.

And wee to see you possesse such blisse.

F R A N C I S C O.

Ah ! Protect me some blust power : keepe farther off. I am yet reconcil'd with heaven. I doe confess I kill'd you. Oh be mercifull for their sweet sake's , whose innocence cannot see, or be disturbed by thee. There they are by thee thy once deare Gloriam.

LYSANDER.

What a distumper's this ?

F R A N C I S C O.

What will appease thy Ghast ? give me but time to aske  
forgiveness of those sacred powers I've most offended, by  
depriv'g thicke of life and being, and thou shal' have my  
life for thy just sacrifice.

LYSANDER.

I apprehend his guilt : sheperd, feare not ; your hate  
grew notwithstanding desperate effects as you expected. Feeble,  
I live and breath !

E R R O R .  
Delude me not, 'tis impossible.

*Lovers witness the end.*

**LYSANDER.**

These shall witness it.

**OMNES.** *T*

We do.

**FRANCIS.** *A* I will welle beare thy wrongs.

Can you forgive then my attempt?

**LYSANDER.**

With a true heart.

**OMNES.**

Sander's still himselfe, noble and wise.

**FRANCISCO.**

And can you Fairest wife that Ignominy off, I deserv'd  
you?

**GLOCTANA.**

By Lysander's word sufficeth for us both.

**FRAN.**

Then may you both live happy many yeares:  
By your joyes, never be disturb'd by feares.

Mark you sir, now all your talk is over, I would know  
one thing of you?

**LYSANDER.**

What's that?

**SCRUB.**

Have you met with one Pisander, Leon, and Francisco in  
our Travailles?

The Duke is dead that banisht good old Leon, and could  
ende highe his Lands shall be restor'd.

**LEON.**

I am that Leon that with my sonne and daughter here  
well liv'd e're since in this Rurall way.

**Blessings**

LYSANDER

SONNETS THE I

Blessings doe follow blessings.

LYSANDER.

Then I am that Pifander that left the Court, to gaind thy  
Daughter's love by the name of Lysander. Scrub, doſt thou  
know me now?

SONNETS VOLUME IIND 10

A pestilence on't, you are bee indeed.

FRANCIS MARIA.

Pifander, embrace thy friend Francis.

LYSANDER.

Francis! thou cloſt me with joy,

FRANCIS NEWTON.

I left the Court for the same end you did.

LYSANDER.

Shee'mine now Sir, is shee not?

LEONARD.

As fast as th' Priſt can make her.

If they will wed, your hands should licence it.

AMOR FYNESS CORONAT.

Gentle Reader, there are ſome faulter which  
through the abſentie of the Cappie, and ab-  
ſence of the Author, have paſſed the Preſſe; To  
particularize them were needless; But favoura-  
bly looke o're them, and with the Pen conuenient  
correct ſuch defects as thou ſhalt finde, not con-  
demning the Preſſe or injuring the Author.

last ob-

gains  
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